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Events of the Week.

THE Six-County and One Party Parliament met on Tuesday in the Belfast City Hall to transact business preliminary to the ceremonial opening by the King on the 22nd. The minority did not and will not attend. Major the Hon. Hugh O'Neill, M.P., was elected Speaker by his thirty-nine colleagues, who were then duly sworn in and informed of the composition of Sir James Craig's new Cabinet. In this unique Parliament, the Ministers and office-holders already number almost one-half of the members, and are in a fair way permanently to secure Sir James's majority. In a subsequent address the Viceroy of Ireland, having hanged two quite possibly innocent men in the morning, rebuked the sins of the Black-and-Tans, took the penitent thieves to a hesitating embrace, and doubtfully saluted the new Parliament as historic and unwanted. He hinted at some of the difficulties which confront the new assembly, "built in eclipse," and foreshadowed an Amending Act. Bankruptcy makes this necessary, a bankruptcy which can only be averted by England forgoing part or all of the tribute exacted by the Act. Whatever of the tribute remains after the Amending Act will work like madness in the brain of Belfast, and envenom all its relations with Westminster. In another direction the Press and pulpits are minimizing the desire and extent of partition. The "Northern Whig" is discouraging its fellow-provincials from "megalomaniac plans," and ingeminates content instead with "a stature which nature intended to be kept within a moderate limit."

In the South the solemn play-acting continues. The peers and the Church of Ireland bishops have elected their representatives to the Second Chamber through the Crown and Hanaper Office. But the procedure in regard to the Lower House is obscure. If a majority decline to be sworn in, Crown Colony government ensues. But how will the intention of the majority be ascertained? Will the place of meeting be fixed for Mountjoy Prison, under the busy gallows where many of the elected members dwell? Or will they be brought in lorries to the Castle to declare their mind?

It looks as if we were approaching the break-up of Coalition politics. At least, it is clear that it can only hope to win an election with candidates whose support is nine-tenths of it criticism, and that even then a whole-hog opponent possesses a much better chance of success. This was the sad story

of the election in St. George's, Hanover Square, which, from the day when it acquired an electoral mind, has never done anything but make it over to Toryism. The demi-semi Coalitionist, Sir Herbert Jessel, failed to hold the seat (by 1,888 votes) against a kind of Rothermere candidate, a Mr. Erskine, who preached anti-waste and anti-Coalition doctrine with equal fervor. Since then a second disaster has occurred in the Heywood division, where the Labor candidate has beaten the Ministerialist by over 300, or by 6,000, if we add the Liberal vote. The Government defeat in St. George's was known on Tuesday night; the next day the Government, threatened with the collapse both of its Budget and its electoral power, announced the decontrol of agriculture and the tearing up of that six months old "scrap of paper," the Agriculture Act, with its guarantee of minimum prices for wheat and oats. With the farmer's guarantee, which promised to cost the country twenty millions, goes the laborer's minimum wage and his shield in the shape of the Agricultural Wages Board. For our part we doubt even the economic wisdom of again reducing agriculture to a sweated industry. The increased happiness of our countryside was the best feature of after-war England; and, if it vanishes, the scene may well be one of desolation. The "Times" is quite wrong in thinking that there is a surplus of agricultural labor. There is much more of a famine, under which the habitual half-culture of English land may sink to quarter-culture. We hope that the farmers will use their freedom well, and re-establish the honorable treaty with Labor which this shameless Government has broken.

MEANWHILE, the Government, forced to "release" British agriculture, still presses its plans for fettering British industry. If Protection be a bad thing, it is obvious that trade should go as free as farming—surely a key industry, if any exists. If it is a good one, what has Farmer Giles done that he lies out in the cold? Anyway, the war on cheapness has been conducted during the week with very moderate success, for the second reading of the Key Industries Bill was only carried with the loss of sixteen of the ablest of the Liberal Coalitionists, and under a criticism so contemptuous and damning as to threaten its success in Committee. Its chief defender was the Minister of Education, who, having educated himself out of Home Rule, now cons the primer of Protection. But even Mr. Fisher could only commend the Bill as a homeopathic dose of poison, holding some possible grains of good for a sick community. That may be useful dope for the shrunken remains of Mr. Fisher's conscience. But it ignores the whole content and character of the Bill. So far from being curative, that measure obviously aggravates the special mischief (that of the depreciated exchanges) with which it professes to deal. Its poisonous and debilitating effect on the constitution of British industry is that, as Sir A. Williamson amply showed, it attacks its supplies of raw material—the nutriment on which it lives.

THE British Government is now apparently competing with the French in delaying the meeting of the Supreme Council which is to decide, or at any rate discuss, the fate of Upper Silesia. The French insist on waiting for the report of some expert Commission, which is not yet appointed. We insist on waiting for the report of

Sir Harold Stuart, who has only just reached the scene of his inquiries. Thus does the decision vanish into the indefinite future. One asks whether Mr. Lloyd George, after the vehement declarations of last month, has changed his mind or lost his interest in the subject. Anyhow, the British Government has joined the French in an extremely offensive note to Berlin, which not only rejects its offer of regular troops to help under Allied command in restoring order, but even rebukes it for making an offer which is "out of place." *But it was Mr. George himself, in his Commons speech, who publicly invited the offer of the German troops!* These are mean and discreditable proceedings. On the spot, meanwhile, the civil war goes on. The Poles attack. The Germans counter-attack. The Allies then order them to retire, even threaten to leave the Poles to work their will upon the towns which they occupy. Thus the Allies now actually treat the Germans as the aggressors, and defend the Polish occupation as the lawful state of things. The condition of the German population of certain towns must be quite unbearable. The "Manchester Guardian" describes the Polish terror in Hindenburg (Zabrze), where the poor are beaten with rubber thongs and the rich held to ransom. Other towns, especially Kattowitz, are besieged in form, and are said to be near starvation.

THE new phase of Anglo-French relations is an active discussion in the French Press over a comprehensive bargain on all points of difference, to be followed by a formal military alliance. We think M. Poincaré (in the "Revue des deux Mondes") was really the author of this suggestion. The "Times" echoed it in a leader which obviously expressed only the habitual views of Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Stead. The French papers insist, however, on treating this article as semi-official, and hint that Mr. George has made some approaches in this sense. Plainly the bargain would, if it were feasible, take the form of a recognition of French supremacy in Europe, in return for French support of British ambitions in Turkey and other regions overseas. We detect no great enthusiasm for the idea in Paris. The French are already supreme in Europe, and they are not prepared to back our Eastern policy. In particular they are pretty confident that they have beaten us in Silesia, and they will not spare men for a war upon the Turks. A bargain of this kind would be rather worse than the Treaties themselves, and Mr. George cannot be allowed to forget that he declared that our "honor" is involved in Silesia. To barter away the German rights which the vote has confirmed, for the sake of some obscure Imperialist ends in Turkey, would be as discreditable as it ought to be impossible. Luckily the French are too exacting to make the bargain tempting.

It is hard to resist the impression that Mr. George and Lord Curzon are preparing to abandon their present nominal neutrality in the Greco-Turkish War for some measure of active support, with supplies, naval action and blockade, if not with land forces. Indeed, few believe the denials that supplies have already gone to the Greeks. The Turks seem flushed with success, and the party of no compromise is in the ascendant. They are bent on recovering not only Smyrna (which certainly ought to be Greek), but Adrianople, and they are showing themselves exacting in driving a still more advantageous bargain with their friends the French. It is expected that the Angora troops may soon try to recover Constantinople, which is very weakly held. It is hard to form a judgment on this Angora movement. It is certainly not the mere banditism and militarism which

some suppose. A description of Angora from a German journalist in the "Frankfurter Zeitung" is in several ways reassuring. A university has been created. Much building is going on. The elected Assembly is very much of a reality. The women are winning freedom, and there are other signs of a renaissance, which is liberal, though it is intensely nationalist. The more sinister men of the former Young Turk Party are in disfavor. In any event the idea of another Eastern War is as unpopular here as it is fatuous.

THE Japanese, after a long period of hesitation, are returning to their policy of active intervention in Siberia. At Vladivostok they have just upset the local administration of the constitutional government, and have installed the "White" General Keppel. Other White forces lie in waiting, notably those of Baron Ungern and the bandit General Semionov. Moscow, through the "Daily Herald's" correspondent, sends out the startling news that Baron Wrangel and his army are going to be transported to the Far East, with the idea of imitating Koltchak's westward march. This, of course, would require the active aid of the French. The passage of such a force for such a purpose through the Suez Canal would involve on our part a breach of neutrality, and would violate the undertakings of the Trade Agreement. We hope this point will be raised in Parliament. The Far Eastern Republic, which, in close friendship with Moscow, holds the country east of Lake Baikal, is not Sovietist in form, or definitely Communist. It was formed by a Constituent Assembly elected in the orthodox democratic way.

IN the course of a speech to the Cotton-Growing Association at Manchester, Mr. Churchill held out hopes of the reduction of military expenditure in the Middle East—before the year is out. These economies are always in prospect. On the other hand he declared vehemently against any ending of the military occupation of Egypt. Apparently in spite of denials he holds himself responsible for Egypt. He will not consent to transfer the garrison to the Canal zone. It must stay in Cairo and Alexandria. Mr. Churchill, of course, made play with the recent riots. These riots were due to the Government's dubious attitude towards the Milner proposals. If Mr. Churchill speaks for it (which is not always the case) the Egyptians had the best of grounds for their excitement. He referred unctuously in this speech to our national reverence for "scraps of paper." Has he forgotten the Gladstonian pledges of evacuation? No new plan for Egypt stands the least chance of pacifying the country, if the occupation is continued. Indeed, we doubt whether even a delegation under Adly Pasha dare accept any solution based on the presence of our troops in the chief cities. If we want a settlement, we must negotiate it, which means that we must allow the Assembly to meet and choose the Delegation. At this rate Mr. Churchill will not reduce his army. He will have another Ireland on his hands.

AFTER the conviction and punishment at Leipzig of three minor, if very brutal, "war-criminals," the trial of the first really considerable offender has come to an inconclusive end. Captain Neumann, who admitted the destruction by torpedo in the Mediterranean of a hospital ship, was acquitted, on the ground that he was punctually obeying the precise orders of his superiors. The telegraphic reports are unsatisfying, but we presume the order was produced, and that it laid down the destruction not merely of ships in general, but specifically of hospital ships. In that case, the verdict may be fair: one may argue that morals in such a case demand heroic disobedience from a subordinate, but no Court in

any country would take that view, which makes an end of discipline. But we now await the logical sequel. Will the Court try the naval authority who signed this order? Unless this is done, one of the foulest crimes of the whole war remains unpurged and unrepudiated. None the less, the "Times," in dragging up from oblivion the old propaganda taunts about the peculiarly German worship of the State as god, has forgotten our own evolution in the interval. How many soldiers in Ireland have refused to obey orders as monstrous in their way as this one? And when they did so, how far did they prosper, in spite of our vaunted ethical individualism? Let General Crozier answer.

* * *

COMMANDER KENWORTHY'S Bill for the prohibition of shows of performing animals has come very near to success, and as the Government are willing to grant a Committee, its friends may hope confidently for a better fate in another Session. The Commons would have passed it with a crippling amendment, which allowed any justice of the peace to license a show. With that clause the Bill was not worth having, and Commander Kenworthy very properly withdrew it, but he was beaten only by 69 to 60. The proof of deliberate cruelty in training is overwhelming, and even if one were doubtful of this, the incidental cruelty of this unnatural life in cramped cages, with incessant travelling, would be sufficient. The habitual pose of the trainer, with his whip always in evidence, is significant enough in itself, apart from the ample first-hand evidence of downright torture. These shows are doubly barbarous. They torment the animals and they demoralize the spectators. There could be no worse amusement for children than these tasteless and revolting spectacles. If we were a really civilized people the mere ugliness and stupidity of these antics would be enough to condemn them. Happily another measure of humanity, the Captive Birds Shooting Prohibition Bill, is passing through the House of Lords with surprisingly small opposition. Among the few opponents is Lord Lanesborough, who stated, quite inaccurately, we believe, that pigeon-shooting in Monte Carlo is still to go on, and will only be removed from the Terrace. On the contrary, our information is that only clay pigeons will be used in future, either on the Terrace or anywhere else.

* * *

A SETTLEMENT of the coal dispute now appears to be possible, though it is by no means achieved, as the result of the disappearance of the Government and the meetings between the owners' and miners' committees. The meetings themselves are set down to the Prime Minister's firmness in fixing a time limit to the offer of a grant of £10,000,000. But they would have almost certainly followed the statement of Mr. Hodges in the preceding week. On the other hand the Prime Minister's ultimatum has created a spirit in the coalfields which will certainly subject the new proposals of the owners to close scrutiny. To that extent the task of the leaders, who are trying desperately hard to get out of the mess, is made more difficult. Although, in the new discussions, the owners made concessions giving somewhat better wages than those offered originally, they claimed in return that there should be a new grouping of the collieries on a kind of dual economic-geographical basis. This carried the miners farther away from the national settlement than the area scheme of the earlier negotiations. The proposal was therefore fought hard by the men's leaders. Under the circumstances the decision of the Executive to refer the proposals to the delegate meeting and recommend a ballot was inevitable. The issue now rests with the men who have endured a hard ten weeks of conflict.

Or the wages movements which have come to a head this week, the demand of the engineering employers stands out as a capital instance of the "new spirit" in industry after the war. In the cotton and wool disputes the employers have asked for drastic reductions, and have pressed the demands firmly. But they have at least discussed the counter-proposals of the men's leaders. The engineering employers, with their Chairman, Sir Allan Smith, as their mouthpiece, have shown no such weakness. Sir Allan has maintained a flint-like attitude from the beginning of the dispute, and the whole story is so important in relation to the belief of the workers that they are to be beaten down mercilessly to a low standard of life, that we think it worth telling in some detail. The employers' federation opened the ball some weeks ago with the announcement that the workers must drop the last six shillings increase awarded by the Industrial Court, and also Mr. Churchill's 12½ per cent. on earnings, the demand, of course, including the equivalent increases of piece workers. This meant, in actual figures, a reduction of from 16s. to 17s. 6d. a week on the average artisan's time wage of from £4 5s. to £4 10s. The laborer would lose about 12s., and the piece worker's reduction might be more than a pound.

* * *

As the shipbuilding employers were asking only for a cut of 6s., the union officials refused to agree to the much more serious reductions. They pointed out that the engineers' wages had never exceeded 130 per cent. above the pre-war standard, and that the demand would reduce them to about 40 per cent. above 1914, with the cost of living still at 130 per cent. The reply of the employers was that the bottom had fallen out of the industry, and that trade could not be restored without the cuts they asked for. They published a pamphlet dealing with the loss of markets and the effects of foreign competition, and the unions published a comprehensive reply. The parties then met in conference at York. Sir Allan Smith opened the proceedings by the blunt statement that the time for discussion of economic questions, of "high politics in the matter of economics, exchanges," and similar matters had gone. He added that only a month was left for the employers to give effect to the reductions.

* * *

THE employers had asked that the unions should make a joint recommendation accepting the reductions. Mr. Brownlie, of the Engineers' Union, told Sir Allan Smith that the unions had agreed unanimously on the preceding day that they could make no such recommendation. Sir Allan replied that further debate would be futile; he was surprised and indignant that the unions' leaders should have presented an "ultimatum" to the employers. An immediate break was prevented by the intervention of Mr. Hill, of the Boilermakers, who appealed either for modified reductions or for a reference of the whole question to a court of inquiry. On the question of arbitration the unions had weakened their argument because of their withdrawal last year from the agreement under which wages disputes were submitted to the old Committee on Production and to its successor, the Industrial Court. Sir Allan Smith pressed this advantage ruthlessly. He declared that they were not prepared to allow the question to go to arbitration, no matter what body was suggested. Finally, he brushed aside once more all issues of foreign policy, international affairs, and the administration of the industry. The trade unions might be right or wrong about these things. But as the employers could not get orders they must have reductions. When, therefore, the union leaders went to the Labor Minister to ask for a court of inquiry, the Government were faced with the absolute refusal of the employers. The Act of his own Government gives him power to order an inquiry, but he is a weak Minister, and has shown no eagerness to use it. The further negotiations which he suggested proved as futile as the York discussion. But Dr. Macnamara made a further effort on Wednesday to bring the parties together again. There, as we write, this dangerous and very typical matter stands.

Politics and Affairs.

THE WORLD-WIDE POGROM.

"The experience of the last six months has shown that it is hardly possible to hope that an active propaganda alone will lead to a class-revolution in Western Europe. . . . On the other hand, I direct your attention to a curious coincidence: Comrade Krassin deduces from his London observations that the economic condition and situation of England is extremely bad. He seems to think that it would be much easier to develop commercial exchange of goods in Germany than in England. At the same time Comrade Kopp gathers from his Berlin impressions that Germany's economic position is so disastrous that we ought to build our expectations on England. That is certainly not an accidental coincidence: the economic situation of the whole of Europe is hopelessly bad. . . . The present order in Europe satisfies no one . . . and all the time with increasing potentiality menaces war."—*From an alleged secret circular letter by Tchitcherin to the Russian Delegations abroad, "Morning Post," June 2nd.*

IN this curious document, which we should guess to be genuine, the shrewd Machiavelli of the Kremlin looks at our post-war world, and finds it evil. He is not an unbiased student, and the recipe which follows for profiting from our confusions and decline equals in wickedness any effort of capitalistic imperialism. M. Tchitcherin was in his younger days an official of the Tsarist Foreign Office, and his instructions to his agents to widen all the various rifts in the European system, so as to hasten the inevitable war, read like a relapse into old habits. No worse instructions—if the letter is genuine—were ever sent to the Tsar's official intriguers in Belgrade or Constantinople. What interests us in this letter (even should it prove to be a concoction) is not so much the instructions as the diagnosis. The coincidence that the Russian agents in London and Berlin should each have despaired of the country in which he found himself, and advised the opening up of trade with the other, is certainly arresting. If Mr. Krassin was of that opinion some months ago, subsequent events have only confirmed his judgment. The coal struggle has been followed by the cotton lock-out, and that by the threat to engineering, and with over two million workers unemployed our export trade has almost ceased. That is a rather terrific phenomenon. Mr. Kopp could, doubtless, give good reasons for his equal pessimism about Germany, though we incline to think that relatively her case is even rapidly mending, as ours is deteriorating. Broadly, it is true that "the economic situation of the whole of Europe is hopelessly bad," and that "the present order satisfies no one." One may choose one's measure of the disorder at will from the Irish or Silesian news, or from the trade returns. But the candid M. Tchitcherin does not conceal from himself that the case of Russia, to put it mildly, is no better. He speaks of the "weariness" and the "apathy," and "the difficulty of any Socialist reconstruction" of society. There may be more of the grim will to hope amid difficulties, more of the creative, architectural spirit in Russia than elsewhere. But its economic plight is also bad, perhaps even "hopelessly bad," and whatever ambitions, expectations, and illusions may be entertained about its future, not many Russians, if any, can be "satisfied" with its "present order." The *malaise* is general, and it is only shades and degrees that distinguish victorious England from vanquished Germany, or Capitalist Poland from Socialist Russia.

The mind goes on from M. Tchitcherin's suggestive "coincidence" to a rather wider generalization. It is a

weary commonplace to say that we are all suffering from the after-effects of the war. But the commonplace may be worth emphasizing, for we imagine that there is far more in common between the case of Socialist Russia and Capitalist Europe than the People's Commissioner for Foreign Affairs would like to admit. The Marxist reading of history is a valuable mental discipline. But it ignores psychology. Profound as the economic consequences of the war have been, it may be that the psychological consequences cut even deeper. Five years or more of fighting have rebarbarized a great part of the European population. The normal inhibitions, which from childhood onwards become second nature even to rough men, were sharply broken down. The habit which makes it seem a difficult thing even to strike another human being, the shrinking from inflicting pain or wounds, was first eradicated, and then converted in the apter pupils into a positive delight in every form of violence, from smashing to massacre. When one reads of Black-and-Tans who first took the wanton trouble of smashing all the furniture in a house which they intended to burn, one realizes that a direct sensual pleasure in malicious violence has been awakened. It may be that something of the savage or the Sadist is latent in all of us: it is training which drives it below the threshold of consciousness. However that may be, the proportion of potential savages in all the civilized races is evidently appreciable—here *fascisti*, there Noske's Guards; here Black-and-Tans, and there the men who burned the Dublin Custom House; here "White" pogrom makers, and there practitioners of the Red Terror. Young aristocrats in the many officers' corps are at least as liable to this degeneration as manual workers, and the records of all the cruelty, sensuality, and destruction wrought from Cork to Odessa, from Silesia to Milan, carry us back to Rome of the Social and Civil Wars, or to that once incredible but now almost familiar world of horrors which Candide explored.

These, doubtless, are the pathological cases. But what has been the mental effect of war on the mass of normal men? A few, one fears very few, have reacted by turning to an absolute Quaker pacifism—that movement grows notably in Germany. But the average man of all classes has suffered a little of the coarsening that makes the *fascist* or the Black-and-Tan. He does not himself itch to go on throwing bombs. But he is neither surprised nor greatly shocked when others do it. If it is remarkable that a few thousand young men can dash about the streets and roads of Italy in lorries, hurling hand-grenades or burning buildings, it is much more remarkable that the millions of Italians suffer them to do it. The passivity or the complicity of the Government is the most startling fact of all. The mental change, the nervous lesion, the moral insensibility, whatever one may call it, has affected multitudes of men and women who never heard a trench-mortar. Part of our English callousness about Ireland may be due to mere ignorance or want of imagination. But how should we have felt in London seven years ago if we had seen the tents in Kensington Gardens, pitched as if for civil war? It would have seemed an incredible affront to English traditions. To-day the average Londoner thinks only that it is a nuisance that the park gates are closed.

We suffer not merely from the wild violence of men of the Korfanty or D'Annunzio type; much worse is the calculating and legalized violence of Governments. They, too, go smashing on a Titanic scale. The Big Four dropped the venerable fabric of the Austrian Empire like a bowl of porcelain on the ground. The frivolity which could ruin the economic structure of Central Europe had something of the pogrom spirit in

it. Mr. George's frightfulness in Ireland is an amazing exhibition of war-psychology, but is it more wonderful than the levity and the provocation of his conduct of our industrial struggles or of his insensate plunge into Protection? One remembers the challenge to Labor and the proclamation of a class-war that preceded the issue over coal. When one thinks of all the parade in readiness for civil strife, one seems to hear the perhaps legendary Junker of 1914 calling for his "jolly, refreshing war." The French champing their bits to ride over the Ruhr, or loosing their Poles upon Silesia, are our fit companions, however little we may like them, in the post-war madhouse. Government, be it at home or abroad, has become mere dictation, the application of threats and force. There is only one technique for dealing with Germans or Turks, with Irish Catholics or British miners. We are all in jack-boots, or under them.

The Communist, frankly preaching the dictatorship of the proletariat, seems to us not so much the product of an economic process as the victim, like statesmen and *fascisti*, of war-psychology. There is this to be said for him, that he has a constructive purpose; he knows where he is going, and even if he fails disastrously, at least he is trying to build. In our own country, and indeed in Western Europe generally, the constructive side of government has disappeared. Who remembers to-day all the planning that went on during the war, all the talk of a home fit for heroes? Government, as Mr. George conducts it, is not only violent and frivolous, it is negative. Abroad, the League of Nations has gone, while social reconstruction is in abeyance at home. The engineering employers fling an ultimatum on the table for the workers to take or to leave; the Government abandons the minimum wage for the agricultural laborer and, at a moment's notice, cuts down its unemployment dole by 25 per cent. Only one conscious purpose seems to illumine the Coalition, the defence of property, while property itself disappears with our trade. So conservative in the worse sense, so averse even from milder adaptations has it become, that it courts industrial ruin rather than promote a unification within capitalist principles of our chaotic and obsolete mining system.

M. Tchitcherin, indeed, retains one hope. A little more smashing, he thinks, another bout of war, and the social revolution will come throughout Europe. Conceivably it might. But we doubt the creative efficacy of any revolution which should arise from sheer despair amid universal poverty and rebarbarization. There is another possibility, and that is Caesarism. It springs more naturally than a Communist Utopia from the breakdown of habitual restraints, the rejection of rational self-government, the recourse to dictation. The Caesar of to-morrow may start his career, like the great Julius, as demagogue, but he will be, not so much the commander as the provider of legions, a Carnot, a Trotsky, an organizer of victory. Mr. George is, perhaps, a poor effort of exhausted nature to achieve the type. But he lacks the constructive vision and the administrative ability. Trotsky, if he had had Germans instead of Russians to lead, might have filled the rôle better. But on one point M. Tchitcherin may be right. Our fate may, indeed, be another war. Survey the scene—with ultimata for our only diplomacy, without the League of the future, or the Balance of the past, armed to the teeth, indifferent to the shame of violence, all the nations restless, all dissatisfied, each whistling vainly to a pack of allies less civilized than ourselves (for the French have the Poles, and the Russians have the Turks), each aware that mobilization is the shortest cure for unemployment,

grabbing at coal-fields, oil-wells, and tributes—for such a world war is a natural and easy lapse. It is the logic, the fatal inference from our daily conduct.

We do not doubt the comparative sanity of the average man. But against the general background of dullness, disillusionment, and drift, in this society of ours when even on the edge of disaster a Test Match is the one thing that interests, this average, massive sanity has lost its power of movement. It, too, is militarized. It has learned to step only at the word of command. It is inert, as only men who have worn uniform can be. And it, too, is reckless. Dismal experience has taught every working man who has a wrinkle on his brow or a grey hair on his head that strikes in a falling market are useless, and yet the workmen strike, or allow themselves to be manœuvred into a lock-out which enemies can call a strike. This average, lumpish sanity has, in its turn, lost its bearings, and its habitual impulses. It has no joy in work. Why should it have? Work has no social meaning for it. Yesterday at explosives, to-day at scents; yesterday at a tank, to-day at a *car de luxe*; yesterday for destruction, to-day for display; the same clanking machine turns round, for profit but not distinctly or consciously for social use. The worker detests manager, foreman, or director, as he never detested "Fritz" in the trenches. But he has no constructive dreams. He is as cold to Communism as he is to the competitive system. He believes in cricket or football, according to the season, and cinemas all the time. Certainly "the present order in Europe satisfies no one." But that motive is not sufficient for anything good or brave or positive, for work or for building, or even for revolution. It avails for *ca' canny*, for strikes that are barely deliberate, for all the unconscious sabotage of a society wrecked by war. Who shall restore it? It has the religion it wants to point the sad experience of its past, and show the way to a finer order. And it always has the earth and the possibilities thereof. Help may come from the appearance of a revived and scientific rural society, such as two well-informed correspondents declare to be at work in Central Europe. At least the "Green Rising" they describe comes from the class that seems best able to survive the moral shock of the war, and even to draw from it fresh stores of hope and economic power.

THE INDUSTRIAL AFTER-WAR.

It is now manifest even to our people that the moral and intellectual damages which war inflicts on wealth and industry exceed those which come from the ravages of war itself, and threaten to paralyze the fruitful processes of production and commerce. Man no longer trusts man; class no longer class, or nation nation. So the task, difficult enough in itself, of attaining to either the pre-war position or to the happier one promised to free nations as the reward of victory, has been made impossible. The ordinary people of this country find themselves slipping down the slope of unemployment and poverty without understanding in the least why or how their suffering comes.

Look at the situation from the standpoint of the consumer, for whose sake trade and industry exist. His plight becomes continually more pitiable. The stoppage of one big industry after another cuts down or stops his money income. But prices refuse to fall proportionately, while taxes take a huge direct or secret toll.

What is the matter? Why must employment and production flag when they are needed so urgently? Why

must Capital and Labor quarrel when peaceful co-operation should be the paramount interest of both? Why should commercial intercourse between nations be throttled by Governmental decrees when everyone professes to desire to set the world upon its economic legs again?

Look at what is happening here. War itself left a legacy of impoverishment as regards consumable wealth. More energy had to go into replacing plant and stocks, and providing new capital out of a reduced amount of immediately available energy, and our foreign trade was grievously impaired. Therefore the amount of income available for national consumption was considerably reduced. Now no class has been willing to reduce its consumption. Some have been forced to do so. But everywhere the process has bred soreness and antagonism. The old rich, driven to large cuts in luxurious expenditure, resent the reckless display of the war-profiteers. The latter, again, are split into two opposed factions—those whose war-profits have evaporated, and those who, by judicious gambling or cornering of markets, have made a tempestuous peace as profitable as war itself. The professional and other middle classes envisage an economic future in which they will be crushed between the upper millstone of the taxing State and the nether millstone of high prices.

But the immediate trouble comes chiefly from the quarrels between employer and worker. Employers have been losing money, markets have been falling, the value of their stocks has been depreciating. They want lower wages so as to market their goods with a fair margin of profit at lower selling prices. This appears to them necessary and reasonable. The workers in coal, cotton, or what not, can, they contend, afford to take lower wages to correspond with the falling cost of living. The workers, however, resent and resist this demand, partly because they have a superstitious regard for money as compared with real wages, and partly because they have been taught to expect, not a lower standard of living than the pre-war, but a higher. Two important classes in particular, miners and rail-workers, were admittedly underpaid for certain grades of labor before the war. Generally speaking, the duration of the war established habits of higher standards of consumption for very large classes of workers. The workers generally are refusing the demand that they should, as consumers, accept any share of the reduction of national consumption preached under the text of the necessity of national economy.

To the ordinary business man, as indeed to most economists, their attitude seems quite unreasonable. If, as we know, a smaller total of wealth is being produced, while a larger proportion of it must be saved to make up war damages, the volume available for consumption must be less. All classes in these circumstances must consume less. Economies in the luxuries of the rich and comfortable classes are not enough. The workers must, temporarily at any rate, sacrifice their improved war-status and take real wages at or below the 1914 level.

But the workers refuse. They are impelled by what on the whole is a sound instinct, rather than by any argument. They struggle to hold on to some of their higher wages, declining to accept the theory that lower wage rates will restore employment, revive trade, and perhaps leave their family purchasing power unreduced. They do right to resist—provided they can make resistance effective. If not, they had best give in in time, avoid a punish-

ing fight to a finish, and conserve their resources for a more favorable hour. We say they do right to resist, because we hold that their sacrifice of wages will not restore trade and employment. It might, if we were really living in a world of free competition and free trade. But we are not. We are living in a world where combines, cartels, and trusts are everywhere striving to regulate output and prices, and where Governments are playing into their hands by protecting and isolating markets. This policy not only robs the consumer, as such, but injures every trade which is unable to protect itself by resorting to the same economic and political weapons. For most consumers are simply "other producers," and most of the injuries they sustain react injuriously upon the trades from which they draw their incomes.

Here is the supreme folly of the Key Industries Bill and of the entire impolicy to which it is attached. For nearly all the articles excluded from this country by this measure are directly serviceable, either to important British industries of which they are said to be "keys," or to the processes of research or scientific education which are the intellectual feeders of industrial progress. To compel our textile trades to use worse or dearer dyes than they could buy from Germany, or our scientists and teachers to use worse glasses or electrical appliances, would be a bad policy at any time. But at this hour, when our trades are fighting hard to fit themselves for the new conditions of world competition, it is simply disastrous. Regarded as an integral part of the fresh outburst of economic nationalism, by which every country "protects" itself from receiving the goods which other countries can make and supply more advantageously, it not only contributes to reduce the total productivity of the world and the share which comes to each nation, but it has an even more dangerous consequence. For it fans the unextinguished fires of national hatred, and stops the coming of the real peace.

This, setting aside its political and moral implications, is economic suicide. For it invades the incomes of the impoverished peoples in order to sustain the burdens of armaments, and reinforces everywhere the expectation of force as the remedy for antagonisms of interest between nations, classes, trades, and individuals. Coming back to our own internal economics, we are convinced that the external conflicts between Capital and Labor in the several trades are not the most fundamental change that is taking place. After further fighting, employers and employees are likely to come to some agreement to organize as effectively as they can on some basis of profit-sharing or other community of interest. They will then shift the conflict to a struggle between better organized and more essential trades and worse organized and less essential ones, unless it is found possible to substitute some just mode of settlement for economic force. And this justice is not easy to discover or apply. The rough-and-ready fairness of free competition has largely disappeared, and more considered and organized methods of securing a *justum pretium* for the consumer are as yet in the stage of raw experimentation. If men wanted justice as much as victory, in industry or in politics, the task would be attainable. But this grand moral solvent is wanting. It is as yet impossible to secure confidence in impartial tribunals and equitable rules, and a genuine desire to make them workable. A distaste for justice and a preference for forcible settlements still remain as the chief moral damage of war.

THE GREEN RISING.

BY D. THOMPSON AND M. W. FODOR.*

I.

WHILE Republicanism *v.* Monarchism, Danube-Federationism *v.* an Austro-German Alliance, and Bolshevism *v.* Capitalism are occupying the stage in all discussions of Central Europe, one class, long neglected, is rising to a position of unchallenged power. The peasant, yesterday a serf, is to-day master of the Central European situation. He holds the nations' economics in his hands, and more and more he directs the nations' politics. Yet his emergence upon the scene has been so undramatic, so absolutely the result of circumstances which he himself did not precipitate, that students of European politics—journalists and statesmen—pass him over with hardly a word, and continue to discuss the future of Central Europe as though he did not exist. The "Red" rising is a matter of gravest concern, and from time to time occupies headlines in the newspapers. But the "Green" rising, which promises and threatens as much and is far more actual, has created hardly a ripple of interest.

It represents the ascendancy of a class which, before the war, was definitely on the decline. In May, 1920, Dr. Schlittenbauer, the leading spirit of the Bavarian peasant movement, presented a memorandum to the French and British Consuls in Munich regarding the condition of agriculture in Germany. In it he pointed out that the whole tendency before the war had led to the disappearance of the small-holder and the concentration of land in the hands of a few estate owners, especially in West and East Prussia, Mecklenburg, Pomerania, and the Province of Saxony. He laid down suggestions for reversing this process and returning the erstwhile industrial population to the land, estimating that at least five million town workers could thus be secured a livelihood.

Dr. Schlittenbauer's statement regarding the situation in Germany might have been made of every country in Central Europe. The last twenty years before the war had seen the decay of agriculture in all of these countries except Roumania and Russia—a decline especially noteworthy in the case of the small-holder. The competition offered the European farmer by American and Argentine produce was overwhelming. In 1913 large quantities of Indian corn were being imported into Hungary, the second biggest corn-producing country in Europe, from La Plata, underselling the local produce in spite of tariffs, and only Russia and Roumania, where almost serf labor was available, could compete against Argentine wheat.

In all Central European countries the agricultural population drifted into the cities to become town workers, and their holdings were often turned into hunting grounds for the aristocracy. Just before the war Baron Seefried, the son-in-law of Franz Josef, made himself a great park from the pasture lands of thirty farmers in Lower Austria—farms which previously had yielded milk and meat for Vienna. During the same years the German Prince, Hohenlohe, was buying up hundreds of peasant holdings in Northern Hungary and converting them into parks, where he came perhaps once a year to hunt with Kaiser Wilhelm. These are only two illustrations, taken at random from among hundreds.

Even where agricultural production increased, it did so at the sacrifice of the small-holder and the lower gentry. The only people who could compete against Western production were those big landowners who used

the most modern agricultural machinery and employed cheap labor, such as the West Prussian Junker, who got his labor from Poland, and employed first American machinery and, later, German copies; or the big families of Bohemia, such as the Furstenbergs, Lichtensteins and Hapsburgs; or the foreign landowners of Hungary, such as King Louis of Bavaria, who had a great dairy and sugar factory at Sárvár. In Hungary even the Esterhazys and Karolyis, greatest of native proprietors, had to reduce somewhat their former luxurious standard of living. The small-holders went to the city, the lower gentry swelled the ranks of the parasitical bureaucracy. Even in Serbia, a purely agricultural country, cattle-breeding was on the decline, partly because of the restrictions imposed by Austria, and partly because of the competition of Argentine frozen meat. Bulgarian tobacco crops were suffering in a like manner.

In all of these countries, those peasants who survived represented the lowest standard of life of any class. They were ignorant to the point of illiteracy, and no one cared, nor attempted to educate them. They were economically exploited by the town. They worked from dawn to sunset, and lived after the manner of their fathers, with no progress.

II.

The war, the successive revolutions, the Entente blockade, and inter-State barriers, all unequivocal disasters to the town population, have contributed in turn to the "Green" rising—the coming into power of this declining and exploited class. The war and the blockade cut off the killing competition. Russian and American wheat being no longer available, Bulgaria, Roumania, Bavaria, and Hungary had to supply themselves and the industrial sections of Central Europe. Then the revolutions and the Peace Treaty, which completed the shattering of industry and the collapse of international finance and commerce, increased the relative security of the peasant. Whereas, before 1914, the chief economic basis in Central Europe had been industrial production, and the whole of politics were in the hands of the aristocracy and big financial and industrial interests, diluted by the constantly increasing power of the town workers, the war shifted the economic basis back to food, and the revolutions took food control out of the hands of the aristocrat.

It is one of the ironies of revolutions that those who make them are often the last to profit by them. In Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Germany the revolutions were made by the town workers, while the peasants looked phlegmatically on. Yet in Hungary, for example, the first political revolution gave way to Bolshevism, and the "Red" régime in its turn to a "White" reaction, and to-day the town worker is left without factories to work in, and without even the right to strike if he has work. But a million peasants who came into possession of land under the first revolution have maintained it throughout all the changes. Similarly, in the other countries, the revolutions, not yet measurable in their effects upon the town workers, and even of doubtful benefit to them, have put land into the hands of the peasants, and have thereby handed them the chief, immediate, economic power. And that economic power means political power is shown by the amazing way in which this hitherto unrepresented class are becoming the governors of Central Europe.

Take the case of Bavaria. Bavaria, prior to the revolution, had a population almost equally divided between town and country. Both workers and peasants

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were organized, although the organization of the towns was vastly superior to that of the country. Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Würzburg were the most radical Socialist centres in Germany, and the industries of these towns were nothing behind those of Prussia. The Social Democratic revolution in 1918 drove away the Wittelsbach dynasty and deposed the landed aristocracy. The assassination of Kurt Eisner, leader of the revolution, drove the proletariat to a desperate step, and the three weeks' reign of Bolshevism followed. This revolution was quelled, it will be recalled, by German troops who, in bringing about the downfall of the town workers, automatically handed over power to the only class organized to receive it—the peasants. And under the leadership of Dr. Heim and Dr. Schlittenbauer the Bavarian peasants have not only kept the town workers from regaining their previous prestige but have ousted the *bourgeoisie* from nearly all former positions. Moreover, with a view to securing an intimate and local control over those interests nearest to them, these Bavarian peasants have taken a leaf—no doubt unconsciously—from the Soviet idea, in establishing in localities, districts, and nationally, "Landesbauernkammern"—Agricultural Chambers, which are almost sovereign in their own districts and can compel Government and "Landtag" (the State Diet) to listen to them on all agricultural questions.

These Agricultural Chambers have reached an even higher development in the land reform of Hungary. Hungary before the war was almost feudal. Thirty-two per cent. of all arable lands were in the hands of owners of more than 3,000 acres. Count Esterhazy held approximately 400,000 acres; the Karolysis 300,000; the Schoenborns, 300,000—all fine wheat-growing soil. In 1908 there was a single peasant deputy in Parliament, Stephen Szabo, of Nagyatad, who had fought the peasant cause with little success for more than thirteen years. To-day this simple peasant, owner of 30 acres of ground which he works himself, sits as Minister of Agriculture where no one lower than a baron ever sat before, and leads the Majority Party in the Hungarian Government. Two thousand five hundred districts of Hungary have Agricultural Chambers, and the power of the peasants demonstrates itself constantly in national politics.

In Austria the power of the peasant has chiefly grown, not through organization or revolution, but through economic circumstance. If ever there was a country where food was at a premium, that country is Austria since the war. The absolute necessity of using every available scrap of tillable soil has led to the breaking up of great hunting properties, and there has been a steady movement for the repopulation of the countryside since 1918. There is no National Peasant Party in Austria, and no peasant deputy sits in the Austrian Parliament. Nevertheless, it is easy here to trace the growing peasant ascendancy. The reversal in late 1920 of the Social Democratic policy of Government food control in favor of Free Trade is generally held to be a victory for the Christian Socialist (Clerical) Party, but actually it is a victory for the peasants, for it was they who forced it into the Clerical platform. There are strong local peasant organizations, particularly in Tyrol and Steiermark, Lower Austria, and Carinthia, and in these places they wield great power in the local "Landtags." There are signs of a growing attempt on the part of the Austrian peasant to free himself from the town. In Upper Austria the members of the Agricultural Association—a peasant co-operative organization—are building a factory for the manufacture of artificial manure, and have bought another for the manufacture of farm machinery.

Bulgaria and Serbia have always been peasant countries, but until the close of the war the Bulgarian Government was entirely in the hands of the *bourgeoisie*, and dealt with matters of foreign policy and with home affairs of esoteric interest to the predominant class. To-day, practically the entire Government is peasant. Up to the present day there is no peasant representation in the National Parliament of Serbia. The Government is still in the hands of lawyers, and the chief political discussion is around the question of a united Jugo-Slavia under Serbian rule, or a decentralized and federated Government. But in Croatia, a province of the Jugo-Slavia created by the Peace Treaty, under the leadership of Raditch, there is a mighty "Green" rising. Out of the ninety-three deputies from Croatia, forty-nine are out-and-out peasant representatives.

(To be continued.)

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

OBVIOUSLY there is trouble in the Cabinet. Half a dozen panic measures in as many days—the scrapping of the Agriculture Act, the 5s. cut in unemployment pay—tell their own tale. Their finance is already in ruins: more taxation or more borrowing is inevitable, and either contingency is appalling. There are disputes over the Finance Bill (as over most of this Government's legislative enterprises); otherwise we should hardly have had Mr. Chamberlain's feeble explanation the other night that Committee on the Bill must be put off pending the return to a later train service—as if the nation's finances could not possibly be debated save at an all-night sitting! Ministers may now have to bring in a second or revised edition of this year's Budget, manipulated into some sort of relevance to all that remains of the shattered calculations of two months ago. As it is unemployment that is the chief cause of the disorganization alike in expenditure and revenue, Sir Robert Horne, as the engineer-in-chief of the coal muddle, has the satisfaction of reflecting that he is a main author of his own confusion.

RUMORS of an Irish settlement abound; but what foundation can they possibly possess! Each of the terrors is in full spate; partition, lamely functioning in Ulster, and working not at all in the South, stamps Irish discontent still deeper into the soil, and in an evil hour the King has been induced to yield it (doubtless by no active will of his own) his personal patronage. What can moderate Sinn Fein do in such a pass? Set up a secret negotiation with Lloyd George? Ridiculous. Sinn Fein can accept no gift of his offering; and his own character is so changed, that only the uniform of the Black-and-Tans fits his present figure. What is needed is a new, an uncommitted, authority. It can come only from one quarter, the Dominions. They are about to sit in a kind of Imperial Diet. With the exception of Mr. Massey, I imagine they are all Home Rulers, though of varying types, sympathetic to the new Ireland from which the old discontent draws its strength, and they possess at least one statesman of genius and freshness and energy of mind. If any intervener in the Anglo-Irish quarrel is to arrive, it will be General Smuts; and if there is a basis of intervention, it should lie in applying to Ireland the independent voluntarism which Mr. Duncan Hall lately expounded in these columns as the constitutional basis of the British Commonwealth.

I AM sure the world of journalism will rejoice in the peculiar honor paid to it by Sir Henry Dalziel's delayed but finally accomplished accession to the peerage. The implied compliment to the House of Lords is indeed not inconsiderable; but though Sir Henry's presence enriches it, even the gain to the peerage is less conspicuous than that to Sir Henry's profession. Perhaps I might even add the King himself to the list of beneficiaries, for it can be a source of no small pride to the monarchy to enroll among its noblemen a conductor of the once Republican "Reynolds's." Still it is the profession to which I am devoted that remains the chief gainer, and I cannot but think that there should be some recognition of this fact in the ceremony of introduction. Would it not be a pleasant and a proper thing for Sir Henry to make his first appearance in the Gilded Chamber between two such herald angels as Lord Riddell and (say) Lord Beaverbrook? To have the House of Lords thus reminded of the presence in their midst of the stalwart props of "Reynolds's," the "News of the World," and the "Daily Express," would be a useful lesson to noble lords of the way in which privilege, like freedom, slowly broadens down. But even here I find myself thinking (as indeed is natural) of the honor to my calling. For who does not rejoice when knowledge and virtue, culture and delicacy, not only, as in these notable examples, flourish in the popular Press, but are signalled out for the highest rewards?

For the rest I am constrained to admit that the list of Birthday Honors has its perplexities. I think—I only think—I know why some people have been chosen for advancement. But on the whole I feel myself abandoned to speculation. I might, for example, be able to assign a common cause to such distinctions as those reserved for Sir William Berry and Sir Charles Sykes. But to be told curtly, and almost in the same breath, that a knighthood has been conferred on Mr. Richard Martin, "ex-Mayor of Swansea," and on Mr. Sargeant, "Mayor of Hove throughout the war," and that the same reward has been adjudged adequate to the merits of Professor Arthur Keith and the Director of the National Gallery, is a trifle confusing to one's sense of values. But, on the other hand, some of the qualifications are so precise as even to suggest that they were drawn up by the candidate himself. Is it not, for example, a new and refreshing title to a baronetcy to have been the head of "one of the first firms to make 6 in. and 15 in. shells entirely by women's labor"; to be the director of "an old family business of iron-ore smelters in Wellingborough"; to be at once eighty-one years old, and the "last of the Franklens who have lived in Glamorgan since the time of Edward II."; and to have rendered "services" to the Empire "for forty years in connection with rifle-shooting"? Here, at least, is gratifying evidence of a large mind, on the look-out for the Imperially deserving.

I SEE that Sir John Ellerman's solicitors write to the "Morning Post" to give a point-blank contradiction to the statement that their client is joining with Mr. John Walter in acquiring a controlling interest in the proprietorship of the "Times." Well and good. It is, I think, an excellent thing that the Northcliffe "Times," with its perplexing but often beneficent liberalism and its independence of this wretched Government, should not revert to anti-Irishism or retire to the Georgian pen. But I hope the process of enlightening the public as to what the "Times" is going to be and to do will not stop with Messrs. Nicholson's letter to the "Post." For in its present apparel

the paper seems to be like Mr. Wells's invisible man; you cannot in the least tell where it stands or what it is going to do next. I am concerned, for example, like millions of Englishmen, with the question of free trade. But not one word of counsel, good or bad, can I draw from the once voluble oracle of the Square. Even on Ireland the "Times" of to-day speaks in other than the brave accent of a few weeks ago. So if my favorite organ (or one of my favorite organs) will kindly start "functioning" again, I shall feel personally indebted to the organist.

THE friends of the Labor Party will hope to have some clear explanation of the very slight and feeble support it has given to the fight against the Key Industries Bill. Has it indeed been a fight at all? The "Daily News," for example, records a good and drastic criticism by Mr. William Graham. But it also notes that not a single member of the Party was in the House to hear it. I am told that even this was an incomplete account of the facts, and that the Labor Party withdrew in a body when Mr. Graham rose to speak. Why? The Liberals believe that this act was not unconnected with the Government's support of Labor's case (in my opinion a very good case) for free railway vouchers for Members of Parliament. In return the Labor Party was to do its best to confine the debate on the Bill to a single sitting. I don't like to think that there was even an informal arrangement on so extremely dubious a footing; for it would imply that Labor Members cared less about free trade for Great Britain than about free travel for themselves. But as the suggestion has been made, I think it should be met.

THE papers write of Will Crooks as if he were a kind of society clown, and his life began and ended as a recruiter for the war. I doubt whether the closing phase of his amiable career was a particularly happy one; certainly it was but a small part, and that not the most characteristic. Crooks was such a natural humorist, and so quick to see the dramatic fun of a situation, and to tell the truth he got so quick a response to his jokes and improvisations, that it would be a wonder if the House of Commons did not spoil him a little. In fact, the petting he got made but small difference. He did not set up to be a leader of the Labor Party; being content for most of his life in Parliament and on the London County Council to follow John Burns, and go on telling the simple story of how people lived in Poplar. Thus he carried into a most unreal place, the House of Commons, some scent and image of the real, and that in itself was a great thing to do. He was a shrewd, kindly man; and if his showmanship was sometimes a little forced, his judgment of men was penetrating, and his heart remained, with his homely body, with his own folk.

I HAVE before me a signed copy of a statement made by an Irish lady known to one of my colleagues. Her house was destroyed in an "official reprisal." The act, therefore, is not one of the things which Lord Fitzalan, the Chief Executive Officer in Ireland, describes as the "horrible crimes" of the Black-and-Tans. Its joint authors were the Government of England and certain regular officers and soldiers of the British Army. It was carried out in revenge for an ambush which took place fifteen miles away, and while her mother was very ill, and at times delirious. The narrative was taken from her sister's lips, and her main testimony was as follows:—

"While clearing out the articles allowed, my sister saw an officer go into her bedroom, adjoining the kitchen, turn back the clothes, and putting his hand into his pocket, produce a handful of rifle bullets and

place them in the bed. In a few minutes he again entered that room, and picking up the ammunition he had placed there, took it to another officer telling him that he had 'found it in a bed.' In the presence of the officer my sister told him she had seen him put it there only a few minutes previously. The incident passed off without comment by the Officer in Command. A few moments later another officer entered the same room and, picking up my sister's new shoes, carried them to the lorry. While she was carrying out food and clothing there was wholesale looting, practically altogether by officers. She demanded her shoes from the officer she had seen taking them and other articles, but he only sneered at her. She called the Commanding Officer and told him the circumstances. The officer denied that he had taken anything, and she asked the Commanding Officer to compel him to go to the lorry with her. The three then went to the lorry and found the shoes, her hat, and one or two other things lying there quite openly. The Commanding Officer ordered them to be returned to her. She also saw them take silver-plated knives, forks, and spoons, fine bed linen, a new suit—my father's—and other articles which they retained.

"When the hour was up doors were closed and windows shuttered; bombs were placed in the house; the military retired to a safe distance, and when the sturdy little home that had stood there for more than two hundred years went up in dust and *débris*, the soldiers sent up cheer after cheer. They then drove away, taking a puppy belonging to my sister with them, and cheering as they went."

MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL's many friends will be glad to know that he is making a good recovery from the attack of double pneumonia from which he suffered in Peking, and that he proposes to return to England.

ENGLAND, 1921.

SHEPHERDLESS Israel! crouch'd upon this fell,
Where the base hireling lured you; bloody your fleece,
And for your flock's harmonious increase,
These raven'd lambs that strew the famish'd dell;
While you, with quick-drawn breath, and flank opprest,
And bosom stayed upon the un pitying thorn,
Sniff the sour marram grass, and wait the morn;
Forgot the watchdog's call, the Master's breast.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

SCIENCE AND THE NOVELIST.

My friend, the man of science, put me an awkward question the other night.

"More and more," he said, "the active intellectual life of the world is being concentrated upon the solution of the problems of science. If, one or two hundred years hence, the historian of the human mind looks backward to compute the intellectual achievement of the years since 1850 until to-day, he will be compelled to admit that the victories of science have been more astonishing by far than those of literature or the arts. I am speaking not of those sensational practical discoveries that impress the popular mind, such as the accidental detection of radium or the invention of wireless telegraphy, but of those exercises and intuitions of the intellect which have culminated in electro-magnetic theory and the relativity theory of Einstein. Literature and the arts during the last seventy years can show nothing to compare with these as victories of the human mind. At the present moment the finest of contemporary energies are being devoted to further these victories. Throughout the young men of science to-day there is the thrill of impending discovery and inevitable revelation. From what you tell me, there

is nothing to correspond with this certainty of achievement in your men of letters and your artists.

"This is my question," he continued. "You men of letters, you novelists, profess to represent life. Your fictions are full to overflowing with pictures of young musicians, young artists, young poets. Their struggles and hesitations and enthusiasms are lavishly depicted. Yet no one ever dreams of representing the great province of the human mind that is filled by the activities of men of science. To-morrow, their investigations into the structure of the atom may have placed the means of disintegrating the earth and all that is in it in their hands, or set under their control a source of unlimited energy that will make all the schemes of the politicians and the economists irrelevant nonsense. Human destinies depend as never before upon the inquiries of the men of science. The historian of the mind, a hundred years hence, will look in vain for any reflection of these things in the literature of to-day. Why is it so? Can't you see that it begins to make literature ridiculous?"

It was not a question of the kind that one can answer convincingly at a moment's notice; and I do not pretend that the answer which I made bore any close relation to the answer I shall try to make now. The problem is a real one. It does require to be answered. It is also an unfamiliar problem. The man of letters would never frame it to himself. Again, it is a twofold problem. We may succeed in suggesting a simple answer to the question why modern literature, which professes to represent all human passions, in fact neglects the passions of the scientific mind. But there is the further question to be answered: whether that neglect is a failure on the part of literature, a dereliction of duty in the novelist and the poet.

The obvious answer to the question of fact is this. Novelists and poets know nothing about the passions and problems of science. They cannot represent that of which they are ignorant. And no mere acquaintance will suffice. The astronomer in Mr. Hardy's "Two on a Tower" is to the real student of astronomy an almost comic figure; Mr. Wells's ruthless experimenters are distinguished from the caricature man of science conceived by the great public only by their social passion. The austerity of the passion of science is not adequately represented by young Ponderevo racing out to the open sea in his marvellous boat. The science of Mr. Wells's novels, in spite of the fact that their author sat at the feet of Huxley, is science seen by the outsider. In order to understand the driving impulses of the man of science, a writer would need to penetrate very far indeed into the practice of a science. No mere surface acquaintance could possibly bring him into touch with the essential thrill of scientific speculation. He would need in fact to be a man of science himself, and once he had been caught in the toils there is no reason to suppose that he would be able to escape. Scientific inquiry affords a complete expression to a man's spiritual being. Why should he seek it in literature? On the other hand, the man who lacks the gift to become a man of science of the first rank, but has yet been touched by the spell—the man who might be the novelist of scientific passions—will be likely to conceive a contempt for what will seem to him the inexact and vague expression of literature; and he, having been once intoxicated by the vistas of pure science, will have infinite difficulty in wrenching himself from the centre of his fascination so completely that he can regard the activities of science as a function of the humane life. They will appear to him as ends in themselves, "owing no homage to the sun."

Thus the fact seems not difficult to explain. A novelist of substance is a man who has a comprehensive

vision of life, a sense of its quality as a whole. The plot he will choose in order to express this must be drawn in the last resort from his own experience. The most imaginative novelist merely reshuffles the elements of his own experience. If he rashly chooses to make one of his characters a man of science it will be only an empty label. For how can he inform the skeleton with experiences and passions he has never felt? His astronomer, if he is to live at all, will be endowed with the feelings of the sensitive novelist as he regards the stellar universe. His sense of insignificance and awe may be profound in itself; expressed in language, it may be convincing and moving. But that feeling is not the feeling of the astronomer. He has none of the astronomer's sense of power, or of the mastery of increasing knowledge; he knows nothing of the purity of his uncontaminated mathematics; nothing of his conviction—"this must be"; nothing of his triumphant joy—"this is."

We can see why literature cannot represent the activities and the passions of science. Can we acquiesce in the disability? Can we recognize it as inevitable, and accept it?

Perhaps there is a fundamental antinomy between creative literature and the scientific habit of mind. Creative literature is, after all, essentially anthropocentric. For it, man is the measure of all things. In order to represent the passions of science at all, literature is compelled to relate them to an ideal in which the commoner and more elemental passions of humanity find their satisfaction. For the writer, an astronomer must be a *man* who studies the stars. The emphasis of literature must fall upon the element, man. It does not deny that the study of stellar motion may in itself be a completely satisfying end for a particular man; but it is impossible for literature to apprehend it in that way. The connection that is made between the most recondite speculation and humanity at large by the fact that science in its most abstruse forms is a function of the human mind is too slender for the writer to build upon it. To come within the writer's grasp the man of science must needs become a man who happens to be occupied with some peculiar problems, just as another man happens to be occupied with making pipe-cases for a living. They are both men with peculiar attributes. The novelist's business is to see what they make of life, how they conduct themselves in the infinitely ramified relations of human beings to one another. The man of letters deals, and will always be forced to deal, with man as man. The man of science, in so far as he approaches the ideal of his kind, is a perfect instrument for thinking.

It is probable that the activity of scientific creation is neither less nor more humane than the activity of literary creation. If artists are represented in novels, there is no reason, other than the fact of ignorance, why men of science should not be. But, in reality, do novelists ever succeed in representing artists as artists? It is a well-known habit of novelists whose experience of life is meagre to choose a musician, a writer, or a painter for a hero. They are seldom, if ever, successful, and when they appear to be successful it is because they have represented their hero not as a writer, an artist, or a musician, but as a man with a penchant for the arts. There is no getting away from the fact that an artist, *quâ* artist, is distinctly inhuman; he is not a creature of life; he floats round and round in a little backwater. That is why none but immature writers choose him as the medium by which they can convey their sense of the quality of life. The passion for artistic expression is too remote from the common concerns of humanity to be made itself the material of artistic expression. By a representation of this passion the writer could not adequately communi-

cate the emotional content of his mind. There is a good reason why no great writer has made use of his own most peculiar experience.

And this personal reason is reinforced by the simple fact (of which it is, in a sense, a repercussion) that the rarefied intellectual passions of the man of science or the artist would not interest the reader. If the writer creates from his own experience, he also appeals to the experience of his reader. Even though he may be revealing to his reader recondite emotions which his reader has never felt, he nevertheless is building and reckoning upon a possibility of understanding, whether by analogy or in virtue of partial experience. The passions of scientific or artistic creation cannot be thus understood: to feel them one has to have known them.

Thus for a threefold reason it seems impossible that creative literature will ever set itself to convey the intellectual passions of the man of science. First, the writer will probably always be ignorant of them. Secondly, if by some chance he should know them, he may suffer from an inhibition as a writer, and he will certainly be compelled to put away his knowledge of these passions because they are an inadequate means to the expression of his peculiar content. Finally, if he disregards all these instinctive warnings, and endeavors to make the pure intellectual passion of science the main theme of a work of creative literature, he will never be read.

M.

"NECESSITY."

DUBLIN is a beautiful city, but she has the makings of one among the most beautiful cities in the world. Through her midst flows a river, now cleansed at last, and though it is but a mountain river, great ships can enter the heart of the city and lie against the quays. The sea itself is close, and pleasant suburbs, unvulgarized, stand around the shores of the bay. On the north side the entrance is protected by the couchant lion of the Howth, and beyond the promontory of the Howth stretches the wide and firm expanse of the Velvet Strand. On the south, rocky headlands lead round to Shanganagh Bay, and big mountains rise, so close to the city that you may see them at the end of almost every street leading south, and within seven miles of the very centre you may reach a wild and lonely moorland, and mountain tarns. With river, sea, and mountains, Nature has prepared a fitting site for the capital of a high-spirited and poetic people. And the city herself, as she now stands, was planned and built in the latter end of the eighteenth century—the very best time of city architecture. The houses around her spacious squares are of the noblest domestic type. The smaller houses of the suburbs retain a quiet dignity, amusingly augmented by the great flights of granite steps running up above the ground floor to the first story. The Old Parliament House (now the Bank), the City Hall, and a noble mansion beside it, now used as public offices, are fine examples of classic style freely adapted. If one could forget its abhorrent associations, even the interior of the Castle would be seen to have its beauty. But most beautiful of all the buildings in the city or in Ireland, and one of the most beautiful classic buildings of the world, was the Custom House.

There it stood upon the northern quay, always a renewed delight, whether one welcomed it as the ship approached up the river, or looked down the river to it from O'Connell's Bridge, crossing into Sackville Street, where stand the monuments of O'Connell and Parnell. So perfectly placed it stood, so fine and airy in spite of its

mass, so fitting an edifice for the future administration of a free nation. And now its lovely dome has fallen in, and the walls and columns stand, like the contemporary building of the General Post Office, a gaunt and ruined shell. To such destruction has desperation under the folly of our Government driven a large and violent number of the Irish people.

A copy of the Sinn Féin "Bulletin" gives the reasons for the destruction. The "Bulletin" is dated May 27th, two days after the Custom House was burnt, and we read that its destruction was ordered, after due deliberation, by the Ministry of Dáil Éireann as a military necessity. The building was the seat of nine departments of the British Civil Government, and the destruction of their records, especially of the Local Government Board, the Customs, and the Inland Revenue, reduced that Government "to virtual impotence." "It is directly due," the "Bulletin" continues, "to the information supplied by the Local Government Board from the documents and files which have been destroyed that many councillors and officials have suffered arrest and imprisonment and the destruction of their homes." And as to the tax-gathering departments, "they have been extracting from the Irish people a revenue at the rate of £50,000,000 a year, only half of which was spent on the civil government of Ireland. £4,000,000 was spent, in the year 1920-1921, on a 'police force' whose functions are spying, murder, and arson. The remainder, over £21,000,000, left the country as a forced tribute from the Irish people to the Imperial Treasury in London." After showing that this tribute swelled the resources of "the military tyranny at present in operation in this country," the "Bulletin" proceeds, in its next paragraph, to the main line of its defence:—

"An outcry, repulsive in its hypocrisy, is being raised in the English Press and the pro-British Press in Ireland against the destruction by Irishmen of an historic and beautiful edifice. We, in common with the rest of the nation, regret the destruction of historic buildings. But the lives of four million people are a more sacred charge than any architectural masterpiece. The Custom House was one of the seats of an alien tyranny. If it had been possible to strike effectively at the tyranny it represented without injury to the structure, the Custom House would have been spared. But it was not possible. The destruction was an unavoidable military necessity. The Press which cries out against it is the same Press which remained callously silent while fifteen city and town halls were being destroyed in various parts of Ireland, and while whole streets of shops and hundreds of residences and farmsteads were being wiped out of existence by British soldiers and police."

The "Bulletin" goes on to state that, in the resolve to make British government in Ireland impossible, the Irish will continue to exercise the right of attacking that Government, irrespective of the buildings in which it is housed. The armed agents, together with their barracks, stores, and strongholds, they attack with arms. But members of the British Civil Service, many thousands in number, have never been harmed. When the Irish people have expelled the last British institution from Ireland, the wealth now taken in taxation will be available for renovating and preserving historic buildings. But "Freedom comes by sacrifice, and in property as well as in life Ireland is willing to make that sacrifice."

If we raise a question or two upon this eloquent plea, we cannot be accused of making an outcry repulsive in its hypocrisy. We have steadily exposed and condemned the destruction by Crown forces of those fifteen city and town halls. The present writer has seen many of those ruins, besides the ruins of streets and shops, as in Cork and many other towns. He has seen and described those farmsteads and residences wiped out of existence by

British soldiers and police, to say nothing of workingmen's club-houses, the Carnegie Library in Cork, and the beautiful reading-room and club built near Ardahan by Mr. Edward Martin, and utterly destroyed by the Auxiliaries or Black-and-Tans. We can well understand that there was something of a "gesture" (to use the current word)—a gesture of defiance and reprisal—in the Dáil's command to destroy the Custom House, though it must be remembered that they were commanding the ruin of what was, after all, Ireland's own property or future inheritance. But the "Bulletin" pleads unavoidable military necessity. It is the plea under which the Parthenon was reduced to ruin by the Venetians; Rheims Cathedral by the Germans; Ypres, Arras, Albert, Bailleul, and so many other beautiful towns by one side or other or both during the late war. That is one of the atrocious results of every war. And yet we remember that the ex-Kaiser's father, when Crown Prince of Prussia, refused to allow the destruction of Strasbourg Cathedral, though his generals declared it to be a military necessity.

At the best, the execution of the Dáil's command is but another instance of the hideous power exercised by "that cold-hearted monster the State"—that power which the "Times" condemned with unusual reprobation last Tuesday when Lieut.-Commander Neumann was acquitted for torpedoing a hospital ship because he was only obeying his orders. That atrocious judgment, says the "Times," springs from the Hegelian philosophy, which teaches (like the English philosophy of Hobbes, we may remark) that the State is an earthly divinity, the perfect realization of the moral ideal, having its own end super-exalted above all other ends. It reminds us, the "Times" continues, that this spirit and habit of thought have become a second nature to all classes of the German people, which are taught them in their childhood and drilled into them through life. We join with the "Times" in deploring such a philosophy. Yet we seem to have known English school-children drilled to recite, "Theirs not to make reply, Theirs not to reason why," amid the applause of many audiences.

Though the "Bulletin" asserts that the military necessity was unavoidable, we would still ask whether there was not some other way of destroying a few lorry-loads of Government documents. Was it really necessary to burn the beautiful house in order to roast that pig? And even if necessary, we still have that great phrase of Milton's referred to by Mr. Havelock Ellis when, hearing of the Rheims bombardment, he wrote in his "Impressions and Comments":—

"It is indeed a narrow view of humanity to comprise within its circle its crude material, sentient and full of promise, yet meant for death, and to exclude the most perfect revelation of its sentience and promise, wrought for an immortal life beyond death, which also slays, as Milton says, 'slays an immortality rather than a life.' . . . What a race lives by is its traditions."

These traditions it is which are the immortal joy and strength of Mankind, and in their destruction the race is far more hopelessly impoverished than in the destruction of any number of human beings."

The Irish people are not indifferent to their traditions; far from it. But we may well fear lest they should be infected with that plague of destruction which the war has widely incubated. A few weeks ago, by a lapse of memory (though how could he forget so dear a friend as "Saki," killed in the war?) the present writer attributed to "Max" a story that was "Saki's." But now he would recall a story really by "Max" himself. It is called "Something Defeasible," and it tells of a little boy who built a really lovely and tasteful house upon the sands. He aimed at perfection in his handiwork; he "wanted it rather different. More comfortable." He marked the

roof as with tiles. He brought green seaweed for the garden. "Max" thought he would be much distressed when the tide should come up and wash it all away. Not at all. As the tide gradually encroached, the boy danced around his lovely edifice, waving his spade, and joyfully assisting in the destruction. That is it. Somewhere in man's heart there lies a hell-deep instinct for destruction. Twenty years ago many believed it was slowly wearing itself out, but the war has revealed and renewed it. Mankind feels delight in destruction for its own sake, as he can feel delight in every kind of evil. The perpetual or repeated miracle is that he feels delight in so much beside—in construction, in mercy, in beauty itself. If only our Government documents had been lodged in the Dublin slums!

Present-Day Problems.

HOW NOT TO PURCHASE

It has for some time been realized by the general public that a State Purchasing Department is almost necessarily synonymous with extravagance. Many endeavors have been made by various sections of the Press to indicate the actual cause: up to the present, however, it does not appear that the foundation of the trouble has been disclosed.

There is an absolute lack of control, from the point of view of economics, as to the types of material which should be purchased. The Finance Officers, under the jurisdiction of the Treasury, are only in a position to state that the financial issue is clear, that is to say that the funds will be forthcoming out of the Department's vote to meet the bill; they can have no control as to the class of commodity to be purchased. The large Departments of State have requisitioning officers who, not unnaturally, wish to obtain for their particular services the best article which the trade can produce: they give little or no consideration to the expense incurred by the production of a special article to so-called sealed pattern. In specifying a sealed-pattern article they consider solely quality; no thought is bestowed on the practical features as to how long such article will, in effect, be of service. It is a well-known fact that the theoretical and practical lives of any article are very different. It is uneconomic to manufacture an article whose life will outlive its utility. Standard trade patterns are established as a result of all-round experience by the trade as to the article which will at the same time be economical and efficient. It is realized that, while a particular type of article may theoretically have a life of three to four years, in practice it most probably comes to an untimely end in from a year to eighteen months, and that, consequently, a very much cheaper article built up possibly of material of not such high quality will serve an equal purpose, and will show a considerable capital saving.

In the supply of metals there is an absolute want of flexibility in analysis and properties. Possibly a particular grade of carbon steel is, for some market reason, difficult or extremely costly to obtain, but the purchasing officer is given no latitude: he is instructed to buy to specification regardless of cost. On a particular demand for wire rope a safety factor of nine is prescribed by the book of words. A saving of 33 per cent. can be effected by accepting a safety margin of 8½ per cent. But it cannot be done, or, if done, will entail lengthy correspondence demanding reasons for diversion from sealed-pattern specification, with an eventual reprimand for the purchasing officer for using ordinary common sense.

In considering the desirability of a central purchasing organization, a fundamental issue which appears to have been almost entirely overlooked by those considering this large question was the control which such an

organization would exercise on the standard of articles to be purchased for Government requirements. At the present time we have all the Departments of State purchasing articles of their own particular fancy to their own sealed pattern. Invariably, when tenders are issued to the trade, the contractors, preferring to supply their standard trade patterns, even at a very much lower price, "as bulk production is beginning to make its way even in this country," submit alternative tenders for the sealed pattern and their standard trade pattern. The individual who is known as a contracts officer, of whom I shall have more to say later on, has not the necessary technical qualifications in the majority of cases, and, in any event, is powerless to take any action towards inducing requisitioning officers to accept trade standards as opposed to their special sealed patterns.

It is ridiculous to suppose that the requisitioning officers in the various Departments of State have more knowledge of practical conditions than the trade generally, and manufacturers in particular. During the war, officers with technical ability were incorporated in the various buying organizations, and some were located in the districts where the material was actually manufactured. The buying Departments were thus kept in touch, to some extent, with trade conditions. At one stroke of the pen these posts were abolished and reversion to purchase by non-technical contract officers is being again introduced, with consequent extravagance.

It may be theorized that the consumers are required to accept the manufacturers' product: this may, to some extent, have been the case in past years, but it is not so to-day. The manufacturer must produce an article which satisfies the consumer and in the purchase of which the consumer is satisfied that he is getting the best possible value for his money. On broad lines, Government sealed patterns for ordinary trade commodities should be abolished, and similarity of design to the standard trade pattern should be accepted by all Departments of State.

Many instances could be given illustrating that the strict adherence to sealed pattern involves an expenditure very often five or six times as great as would be necessitated by the purchase of the standard trade pattern, the difference in efficiency being very questionable and certainly out of all proportion to the increased cost. The extravagance will never be eradicated unless there is some controlling body with the power to criticize demands submitted by the requisitioning officers. Prior to the war, the officers responsible for placing contracts with the trade were called contract officers. In the majority of cases they had no particular qualification for the purchase of the particular article with which they had to deal. They had obtained their posts by passing a general Civil Service examination, and were drafted into one of the Departments of State and instructed to purchase an article in which they were not in any way technically proficient, nor were they encouraged to engender a close relationship with trade conditions or to visit factories and thus obtain a first-hand knowledge of the material they were purchasing. They were, as it were, in a ring-fence from which they issued their tenders to the trade to sealed-pattern specifications, acting all the while as automatons, and when the quotations were received they were submitted to the requisitioning autocrats for their decision. Contracts were almost invariably issued in accordance with their recommendations.

To this condition we have again reverted. It is a well-known fact of everyday life that a person who is not responsible for "footing the bill" will always be unnecessarily extravagant in entering into commitments. It may be argued that the requisitioning officers are directly responsible, as payment has to be made out of the Department's vote. That, however, has really little bearing, the individual officers requisitioning not considering that large issue. The point which should be brought out most forcibly is that, if economic buying is to prevail, some control must be exercised on the nature of the demands which are issued by the requisitioning officers in the various Departments of State. The theory has actually been propounded that it is

not necessary for officers who are responsible for the buying or issuance of contracts to be technically qualified in the material with which they are dealing, and this contention is to-day supported by many of those who were connected with the various Contract Departments prior to the war, and who again have jurisdiction.

Imagine the situation. A demand is sent in by the Requisitioning Department for a machine tool. No information is given as to the work for which this machine is required, as, obviously, the contract officer would not appreciate the significance of such information if supplied. Under the procedure generally followed before the war, a list of firms would be available who were supposed to produce this particular article. Tender forms would be issued to this alphabetical list. To the trained engineer it would be unnecessary to add anything to the above remarks, but in order that those not of that calling should appreciate the issue thoroughly, I will point out that there are very probably twenty different types of that particular machine tool, the majority of which are produced for the purpose of particular operations. To an engineer the type of machine to be purchased is entirely dependent upon the function which it is to perform; this factor cannot, however, be taken into consideration, as the contract automaton responsible for placing the contract is not in a position to appreciate these technical points. This situation is, of course, applicable to almost all classes of commodities in a greater or less degree.

The veto of the proposed central purchasing organization was, of course, dictated by political consideration and pressure of vested interests in the various Departments of State, and was a grave economic blunder; its inception, or at any rate a central control organization, would have been the most likely means of breaking down bureaucratic control of requisitioning officers. The suggested advantage of purchasing in bulk is almost a secondary consideration to the control which such central organization would exercise over extravagance and the possibility which it would have of standardizing Government requirements towards commercial trade patterns.

It is fundamental that purchases should only be made by those who have technical experience in the commodity with which they are dealing, and from a technical purchasing point of view the idea of a system of issuing tenders to a stipulated list of contractors to sealed patterns without any reference to general trade conditions would be anathema. If economy is to prevail, it will be necessary to introduce qualified technical officers with commercial knowledge, having powers to revise demands submitted by requisitioning officers. Numerous cases arise in which the article specified is outrageously extravagant for the purpose for which it is required, and, from a general knowledge of trade conditions, it is possible to suggest an article equally efficient for the purpose, but at largely reduced cost. It would not be necessary to go far in the trade to get their views of State buying to sealed patterns. It is not a question of their making more money out of standard trade patterns, but as a result of experience and demand they are manufacturing the most economical articles which can be produced. Their machinery and plant are laid down for such manufacture; naturally, if they are called upon to prepare new tools and jigs or weave different types of cloth, they must charge a high price in order to make it an attractive commercial problem; in many cases a certain percentage is added in order to induce Government Departments to accept the standard trade patterns. What is urgently needed is a Central Purchasing Control Organization to consider the question of trade standardization of Government requirements.

This does not, of course, equally apply to armament requirements peculiar to the various State Departments, but even here the opinion of manufacturers should be valuable. A great deal too much power to-day is in the hands of individual officers who are responsible for

issuing demands; they do not for one moment consider the issue from an economic standpoint. The advance in the cost of production to sealed pattern of 400 per cent. to 500 per cent. does not make them hesitate; in fact, they are possibly not aware that it is involved. "We have always had this article; it is the best which can be produced; we must continue to receive it." If the desire is to reduce expenditure on State purchases, organize a small but efficient body of business men, through whom all demands for trade commodities must pass, give them powers of standardization for the various Departments, and the cost on this account alone will be reduced by 50 per cent. at a low estimate.

T. G. LEITH, O.B.E. (Major).

Late Director Ordnance and Engineering Supplies
(Ministry of Munitions).

(Assistant Director Army Contracts.)
Resigned September, 1920.

Letters to the Editor.

THE WORKS OF HERMAN MELVILLE.

SIR,—It is permitted to applaud the request made by "H. M. T." in your issue of June 4th for an historical and critical inquiry into the life and ideas of Herman Melville, but at the same time to cavil at his bibliography: "... the author who did two merely lively and observant books of travel and a story, 'White Jacket,' ..." So runs the tale of Melville in your contributor's otherwise admirable and enthusiastic commentary. It can hardly be that "H. M. T." conceives of no Melville beyond "Moby Dick," "White Jacket," "Typee," and "Omoo." If from literary conviction he suppresses the further work of this mysterious and tremendous author, he will at least allow to another admirer a word in praise of "Benito Cereno," that superb item in the "Piazza Tales"; of "Pierre," strange, contorted story; of "The Confidence Man"; even of "Redburn." There are others; but these may serve to evidence a veneration, humbler perhaps than that of "H. M. T.," but at least more catholic.

As for persons who knew Melville and talked with him, there is one at least. Not three weeks ago I was in his company, and it was of Melville that we spoke.—Yours, &c.,

MICHAEL SADLEIR.

10, Clareville Grove, S.W. 7. June 5th, 1921.

SIR,—Your references to Herman Melville from time to time have been of much interest to me. It is more than thirty years since I first became a Melville admirer—my introducer was James Thomson, the author of the "City of Dreadful Night," and I frequently teased my friends to read his books, and often with disappointing results.

Perhaps I am the only man in England possessing the whole of his printed works, though it is likely I am mistaken in the boast. I had some correspondence with him, and he kindly sent me a list of his published works—one of them, "Clarel," a poem in two volumes, he described as "a metrical affair or pilgrimage admirably adapted for unpopularity." His letters, too, showed a very keen appreciation of James Thomson's works, with which he was very well acquainted. "Sunday up the River," contrasted with the "City of Dreadful Night," reminded him of "a beautiful Cuban humming bird, flying against the tropical thunder-cloud."

I have never forgotten "Moby Dick," and I am expecting to cross the Pacific shortly, and am meaning to re-read it on the scenes of the Titanic combats therein related. But you don't mention "Mardi," at which I wonder. This is a somewhat formless book, commencing as a sea story and afterwards developing into a curious, gigantic allegory, tremendously enlivened with humor and philo-

sophy. I know of no author, except, perhaps, Jean Paul Richter, who so thoroughly compels belief in his large-heartedness, and who has such a power of compelling affection. I wonder if Mr. Gosse still puts that gentle soul under the ban of exclusion from his intellectual intercourse? It is noteworthy, too, that Thomson perceived traces of the influence of Jean Paul Richter in certain of Herman Melville's works.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES BILLSON.

Chitterman Cottage, Ulverscroft, nr. Leicester.

June 5th, 1921.

P.S.—My list of Herman Melville's books is as under:—

"Mardi," "Omoo," "Typee," "Moby Dick," "Redburn," "White Jacket," "Israel Potter" (sometimes published as "The Refugee"), "The Confidence Man," "Pierre," "Piazza Tales."

Poetry:—"Clarel," "Battle Pieces," "John Marr."

[We believe that the British Museum has no copy of the "Piazza Tales." *Verb. sap.*—ED., NATION.]

ULSTER AND IRISH UNITY.

SIR,—I read with interest your suggestion that the members of the two Irish Parliaments should meet and hammer out a settlement of the Irish question.

Some of us would like to see this done, but we are only a few voices crying in the wilderness, at least we are a negligible minority in N.-E. Ulster. You English people have absolutely no idea as to how the Protestant masses of N.-E. Ulster think and feel—and would act if certain things happened—on this subject. And they are masters here. Woe betide the individual that crosses their path on the Irish question! These people—the men and women on the street—are passionately, even fanatically, British, and they will join hands with nobody who is anti-British; no, not under any circumstances. If the Sinn Feiners hoist the Union Jack and sing "God Save the King," N.-E. Ulster will join hands with them and there will be a united Ireland. But under no other conditions; and God help the man, Sir James Craig, or any other, who attempts such a thing while Sinn Feiners are still Sinn Fein—they will deal with him as they dealt with the Sinn Fein shipyard workers.

I speak from the experience of twenty-five years' close and constant touch with these people, and I know whereof I affirm. Unless and until Southern Ireland repudiates its present political creed and gives N.-E. Ulster a positive assurance that it is loyal to the British Empire, and means to remain within it, you might as well talk about flying to the moon as suggest a political or Parliamentary union of North and South. To one who knows not only the outside, but the inside of things here, such a union is at present absolutely unthinkable. The Protestant masses—90 per cent. Orange—would, without exaggeration, shed the last drop of their blood rather than tolerate it. Let me repeat it, for it is the cardinal fact in the situation—the anti-British attitude of Southern Ireland is the one insuperable barrier to union in Ireland. It may be, probably it is, that the South will never fly the Union Jack and sing "God Save the King." Then a union is impossible, absolutely impossible, for the North most certainly will never fly the Tricolor and shout "Up, Sinn Fein." Let us open our eyes to facts, face them candidly, and learn their significance.

Lord Morley speaks of certain people reading history with one eye closed. Very many people, especially English people and of a certain political school, read Ireland with one eye closed and the other only half-open. It won't do. You are only wasting time and much else. Would that it were otherwise, but facts are facts.—Yours, &c.,

A CLERGYMAN WHO HAS NO POLITICS.

Lurgan. June 3rd, 1921.

EDUCATION IN INDIA.

SIR,—The whole of "Medicus'" letter in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM of June 4th is evidently based on a failure to understand what Lajpat Rai and Tagore were

talking about. They were, I believe, talking of pure "culture," the training that goes to mould a man's mind and thought, and not of specialized scientific training and the acquisition of knowledge for that purpose. This "cultural" training used to be imparted in Christian countries through the medium of the Church and the moral training contained in the Bible. The British Government avowedly does not train the people in morality; it has publicly declared its non-interference in all religious matters. So "Medicus," when he talks about Sir Ronald Ross and Sir Leonard Rogers, is talking of things which in no way touch Gandhi's or Rabindranath Tagore's contentions. Both Sir Ronald Ross and Sir Leonard Rogers illustrate examples of specialized scientific training. In this connection, I might point out that the Government of India, which professes to make the interests of India and of Indians its first concern, has hardly ever taken pains to train Indians for higher research, while European officials have it more or less their own way. The wonder, then, is not that these two men have been produced by the European I.M.S., but, considering their vast opportunities, that there are such few outstanding figures among them.

The teaching of Sanscrit grammar for eight years, which seems to amuse "Medicus," is merely a means to the proper appreciation of Sanscrit literature. So might one ask with "Medicus," when one looks at the years of patient toil that go to make a great artist, "Cui bono—can he discover a new cure for malaria or a new explosive?"

The training at Gurukula is like the training in theological colleges here—only those who wish to take it up need do so.

As to Mr. William Archer's book and the quotation from it, one need only say that that is a matter of opinion.—Yours, &c.,

R. M. PALAT.

7, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C. 2.
June 6th, 1921.

Poetry.

A RIDDLE.

THE mild noon air of Spring again
Lapped shimmering in that sea-lulled lane
Hazel was budding; wan as snow
The leafless blackthorn was a-blow.

A chaffinch clankt, a robin woke
An eerie stave in the leafless oak.
Green mocked at green; lichen and moss
The rain-worn slate did softly emboss.

From out her winter lair, at sigh
Of the warm South wind, a butterfly
Stepped, quaffed her honey; on painted fan
Her labyrinthine flight began.

Wondrously solemn, golden and fair,
The high sun's rays beat everywhere;
Yea, touched my cheek and mouth, as if—
Equal with stone, tree—Man 'twould give

Its light and life. O restless thought
Contented not! With "Why" distraught.
Whom asked you then your riddle small?—
"If hither came no man at all

"Through this grey daydream Cornish lane,
Would it mere blackened nought remain?
Strives it its beauty and life to express
Only in human consciousness?"

Oh, rather, idly breaks he in
To an Eden innocent of sin,
And, prouder than to be afraid,
Forgets his Maker in the made.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

WHEN the Budget was introduced there were many who were inclined to think that the Chancellor's estimates of revenue in the current year were on the optimistic side. Since then, of course, the revenue outlook has been very seriously impaired by the long continuance of the coal dispute, which, apart from its monetary effects during the actual period of the stoppage, must necessitate a revision of expectations for a full year's revenue in many different branches. So there is much dismal talk of the possible extent of the deficiencies and the amount of reborrowing that the Government will have to undertake in order to fulfil debt maturity obligations. Meanwhile, with the Conversion Loan failing and the floating debt already some £90 millions higher than at the beginning of the present fiscal year, the Treasury has got some hard thinking to do. If the result of this hard thinking is to put some power and reality into the Treasury's economy stunt, there will be at least one good result out of the evils which are at the root of the present position.

Revenue depends on good trade, and by way of encouraging trade the Government persist in the "safeguarding of industry" Bill, which, if one may attempt to sum up authoritative Banking opinion, would better be called the "crippling of trade" Bill. Of the Government spokesmen in charge of the Bill, Sir A. Mond admits that the proposals will tend to raise prices—thereby stultifying, or helping to stultify, the great efforts to reduce prices in order that industry may live and compete—while Sir S. Baldwin naively confessed that if he were a banker he would favor the views expressed in the famous memorandum. Mr. Fisher likened the Bill to a tonic dose of arsenic, but forgot that when doctors prescribe poison they are strictly scientific in diagnosis and prescription. The Government's decision to raise certain postal charges is strongly opposed by trade interests as a fresh obstacle to some branches of activity, but the new rates will doubtless be sanctioned and enforced. The Post Office must be made to pay its way, and an increase in efficiency great enough to wipe out the present loss is, in the light of recent experience, an utterly forlorn hope.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE PROBLEMS.

New York exchange started the week badly by a further considerable decline, touching \$3.76 yesterday. Germany's Reparation payment preparations, and a large measure of recent speculation, are said to be the causes. Continental exchanges continue to fluctuate in a manner which is a constant reminder of the continued instability of international financial affairs. Apparently a real effort is now to be made to lift Austria out of her financial quagmire, and Sir D. Drummond Fraser expresses considerable hope of international credit schemes setting Turkish, Greek, Bulgarian, and Roumanian finances on their feet again. Sir Drummond is reported by the "Financial Times" to have spoken as follows: "Previous to the war our European trade amounted to £200,000,000 a year (pre-war values). To-day, however, just because Central and Eastern Europe are unable to buy from us, this enormous volume of trade is for the moment lost. The International Credits scheme, however, gives us the opportunity of getting it back by establishing a system of credit for the purchase of essentials, free from inflation and secured by assets of a gold value with a regular revenue more than sufficient to pay the interest and sinking fund. Thus, just as my National War Bonds found all the money necessary for the prosecution of the war, without adding to the cost of living during the period that they were 'on tap,' so will the Ter Meulen bonds find all the credit necessary for the restoration of international trading with the war-damaged European countries." Whether the International Credits schemes will justify the hope that exchanges with the countries concerned will be more or less stabilized, remains to be seen. Much scepticism prevails, and is perhaps inevitable. But it is to be hoped that all possible support and a fair trial will be given to

Sir Drummond Fraser and to the plans of which, as the official organizer of the International Credits scheme of the League of Nations, he is in charge.

THE PASSING OF DIVIDENDS.

Shareholders are beginning to find, and it is to be feared that they will find more frequently in the near future, that companies upon which they looked as a certain source of steady income, are passing their dividends. Where a company has had a bad year, shareholders may be philosophical enough to shrug their shoulders and hope for better luck next year. But where a company has earned good profits and yet the directors decide to "conserve their resources" and pay no dividend, shareholders would perhaps be almost more than human if they felt no disappointment. Nevertheless, present circumstances are so peculiarly pregnant with all sorts of uncertainties that adequate conservation of resources is the first duty of directors of industrial concerns, even of those which last year did well. When investors receive no dividend and think that the directors should have declared one, I should recommend to them the thought that excessive caution in such days as these is an error on the right side, and that the passing of a dividend, which momentarily troubles them, is evidence of a prudence and determination on the part of the directors to guide their concerns safely through the rock-strewn sea of economic contingency. With the reduction or passing of dividends so frequent just now, holders of Lyons shares will be much gratified at the 42½ per cent. dividend and bonus, apparently justified, as it appears to be, by a very large rise in profits in the past year.

MARKETS AND NEW ISSUES.

With over five million workers affected in current industrial disputes, stock markets naturally remain very lifeless. The new Conversion Loan has been quoted this week, and has been dealt in between 62 and 62½, according to expectation. The keen interest in new issues continues. A Ceylon Government Loan of £3,000,000 6 per cent. stock at the price of 97, was greatly over-subscribed. The India Government has floated a rupee loan, the attraction of which, from the point of view of the British investor, consists in speculative possibilities of a rise in the exchange value of the rupee. It is hardly suitable for the small investor. The Five Towns Loan went off very well, three of the sections being largely over-subscribed. Two new Corporation Loans have appeared this week. Glasgow Corporation are issuing £2,500,000 of 5½ per cent. stock at 92, redeemable at par 1935-1950. The flat yield, irrespective of prospective profit on redemption, is 6 per cent., and the loan will be a sound holding, as also is the Sheffield stock offered on similar terms. Harrods (Buenos Aires) Ltd. offer for subscription 1,750,000 8 per cent. cumulative preference shares at par, which is a fair offer in its class. A well-secured industrial debenture is offered by Baldwins Ltd., in their issue of £2,250,000 7½ per cent. mortgage debenture stock at 95. This is attractive in its class, though, unfortunately, present circumstances make it impossible to forget the risk attached to every form of industrial investment, even the best.

GOOD COMPANY PROFITS.

Brunner Mond seems to have done fairly well in the year ended March 31st last. Gross profits, including revenue from investment, after writing off £264,725 for depreciation, were £1,182,271, as against £1,319,389 in the previous year, when however the nature of the depreciation allowance was not stated. The dividend is reduced from 11¼ per cent. to 10 per cent., and the carry-forward slightly strengthened. Elder, Dempster & Co., the well-known shipping company, increased gross profits in 1920 by nearly £150,000 to over £670,000, and pays a 10 per cent. dividend. Shareholders must, however, remember that the shipping depression has developed more severely since the close of 1920.

L. J. R.



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The World of Books.

I READ Mr. Wells in an emotional hotch-potch of admiration, irritation, consternation, interrogation, stimulation, gratification, and prostration. In "The Salvaging of Civilization" (Cassell) he writes even worse than usual, and you may search in vain the whole of his educational warehouse of ideas to supply the World-State for a single word touching upon the need of self-expression in language. He believes not in language, but languages, and style to him seems to be just stucco on the World's Mansion of Knowledge and Wisdom. He is a man who has greatly accomplished the most ambitious task of enlightening the world about its whole consecutive history ever attempted, and he is as commonplace a writer as Mr. Lloyd George, literary Apollo of the average seaside landlady, is a speaker.

* * *

I AM not sure that he may not, with equal justice, be accused here of lightmindedness in substance. No modern writer, of course, is more prodigal of ideas; they come spinning out of his head in swarms. Of what becomes of them he seems as careless as a volcano in active eruption of its discharge. One example out of many is in the first chapter, when he is discussing the "Probable Future of Mankind"—viz., extinction or degradation to something below the ape mentality (the ape, of course, is a kindly and harmless gentleman in the economy of the world compared with a modern statesman or general)—and summoning the vestiges of world-sanity to build the world-state of peace. "The abolition of war, if it can be brought about, will be a reversal, not only of the general method of human life hitherto, but of the general method of Nature." That is Mr. Wells to a hair. He jerks things out, and lets them run amok with complete irresponsibility. His argument is that the salvation of man depends upon the exercise of his own goodwill, and he declares that the criminal nature of man is an intimate product of the criminal nature of the Universe; the redemption, he says, is in ourselves, but the fault is in our stars; he calls upon the world to save itself, and then throws it to the dogs of hell; the fatalist boldly enunciates the doctrine of free-will; one of the priests of Prometheus Unbound changes the name to Ajax, defying the elements of things! It matters nothing to Mr. Wells that he dooms mankind to pit its feeble powers against the very nature of things in ignorance or disregard of modern biological inquiry—"in social progress we

have not to combat Nature's method, but to follow it, and that we do . . . every time that we vote against militarism and make for peace," is the word of a science in which Mr. Wells has had some training. He simply asserts, without evidence or elaboration, that it is so, and having thus destroyed at one blow the validity of his whole appeal and argument, gaily goes on with them.

* * *

THERE is a curious *naïveté* in Mr. Wells's buzzing mind. The impression I receive of his salvaging method for civilization is that of a literal hydraulic process. He really believes, I take it, that a revolution in locomotion is the way to the achievement of a world-state, as firmly as he believes that the States of America became United by means of the steamboat and the railway. Indeed, he fills so many pages mixing the mortar for the bricks of the City of God, that he would presumably argue by analogy that literature was created by the printing machine, and that as soon as the problem of adapting respiration to the decreased density of the air was solved, Heaven could be reached by aeroplane. In the same notation is the central principle of his educational programme. Mr. Wells hints that the best thing for the world at school is to read Mr. Wells's "Outline of History," in which I entirely agree with him and respect him for his freedom from a mincing false modesty. If the world's children could be taught to hold the world in a grain of sand, it would be exalted and dignified in our eyes—the majestic unity and progression of man and beast and plant—to its true sublimity and our paths made straight. But Mr. Wells's Collectivist idolatry binds his vision to the electric chair. He makes your blood run cold with his standardizations and his "centralized mass production," and his plots "to subdue the individual for the good of the world," and his nightmares, "not of individuals educated, but of a world educated." He rages against the blasphemy that education "exists for individuals": individuals are made for Mr. Wells's cosmic Sabbath. It is incredible the lengths to which a thinker unable to distinguish between the individual and individualism will go; he is equally incapable of distinguishing between a release from within and a gigantic superimposition from without; of seeing that if education does not exist to make individuals, the sooner we make an *auto da fé* of our teachers the better, and that if a World State is not another name for a society of free and united individuals, it is another name for hell.

* * *

MR. WELLS's new World-Bible, from which he excludes Shakespeare, Cervantes, Defoe, Dickens, Fielding, Tolstoy, and Hardy, and in which he includes *Henley*, is now famous, as well it may be. It all comes of the portentous seriousness with which he regards the old Bible. For had he taken it with the rest of great literature, he would scarcely have put it on record in cold, black print that he proposed to banish from his Bible "merely beautiful and delightful things." I believe in Mr. Wells's "Outline of History" as I do in no other modern book except one, but I am very sure that I should be one of the first to be hanged in his World State for a Bolshevik.

H. J. M.

Short Studies.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

BEING returned to the mild and pastoral West after an eight days' adventure in the energy and smoke of the North, I am moved to relate something of my journey and its fortunes, which is not at all the way of a provident traveller. He, if he has fallen upon a good thing, hoards it for his private comfort hereafter, and will never impart his luck for fear somebody else may get more good out of it than he. My prompting is rather that of a man whose heart is full to overflowing of surprising and happy discovery. And if any reader of this essay should liken me to the historic soldier who was found one day beating a Jew, and justified himself by explaining that it was on account of the Crucifixion, I will reply, as he did, that I only found it out yesterday. It is true that what moved and exhilarated me so greatly might have done so, and with better effect, long ago; but we are what we are, and my lines were cast elsewhere when I was young.

My business took me a round of official or semi-official visits to a number of inter-related communities in Lancashire and Yorkshire, brought me rather closely into intercourse with them, and confined me exclusively to their members. I moved from house to house, as my duties called me, taking as I went the hospitality which was offered me. I must have spoken to, or with, hundreds of men and women of every variety of social degree and opportunity, as we reckon such things down here, yet all of them were alike in this, that their outlook and moral complexion were the same. That caused their effect upon me to be cumulative. There was nothing to minimize it, lessen its momentum, or (if I may put it so) cause its impact to swerve. I will not say that I was overwhelmed, because after living an active life in all sorts of company for a certain number of years one is prepared for most things; but I can certainly say that I was uplifted; and again that I was restored to hopes which the last few years had done their wicked best to atrophy. I may even dare to go so far as to say that no picture I could make for myself of the daily life lived long ago by certain poor men and women in Galilee could fail of resembling that of the members of the community which received me so kindly.

I found myself, then, in the end to have been the guest and, as far as might be, the intimate of a people in possession of some secret store of knowledge which made them not only serene and quietly happy, but even indifferent to the rubs of the world so far as they experienced them. That of itself, with the world all about them such as I knew it to have been and had felt it to have been, was surprising enough. My own people, whom I had left behind me, were fretted to rags by six years' mowing and aftermath of war. They were poor, and hated their poverty; tired, and scorned themselves for feeling so; suspicious of each other and of their neighbors; hopeless of anything better. Who will show us any good? was their outcry; and the best of them said it with despair; and the worst with a cynical lift of the eyebrow. In the country and among the people of my sojourn there was the same poverty, taken as a matter of course. If they were tired there were no signs of slackening. They suspected nobody, even if he was a German. And they did not ask to be shown any good, because they could see it for themselves, and never had their eyes off it for long together. It became clear to me that this something good was a thing which every one of them carried about within himself, and sometimes I was apt to think them backward in disclosing it. But on

reflection I convinced myself of one or another fact: either the good thing, whatever it was, could not be imparted and must be individually sought and found; or it was impossible of disclosure to anybody not prepared to receive it. And that may be why it was not imparted to me.

My round began at Manchester, pushed out to Liverpool, doubled back to Sheffield, crossed Yorkshire to Scarborough, went North to Darlington, brought me down again to Pontefract, ended up at York; and everywhere I had the same simple geniality of reception, the same candid intercourse, found the same innocence of heart, quiet gaiety, fine temper; and in all cases an ease, a leisure of address which made of life a comfortable, prosperous thing instead of what I had been finding it of late, a journey in bare feet and corns upon a French *pavé*. I spoke just now of social standing—that was to describe something to myself which to my late acquaintance would have no meaning. To me, unfortunately, men are not equal: to them, as it seems, they cannot be unequal. Money and rank—how can they make men unequal when virtue and vice do not? I admit the reasoning; yet I must also admit that they have every appearance of doing so. *De non apparentibus et de non existentibus*—most of us put the maxim to daily use. Well, my hosts in the North did not. They used no titles of difference. Men and women alike are known by their names. Sex is marked, but by first names alone. Age is not outwardly differentiated, nor quality. The ease which this gives to intercourse, to the commerce of every day, can hardly be described; but that, of course, is by no means the whole of the matter. The implications of it, not immediately apparent, go deeply into the relations of men and women; and the greatest of those, I suspect, is a fundamental temperance—so fundamental, indeed, as to be almost an affair of instinct—which makes such delicate commerce as that of the sexes of little difficulty to them—while to us, how full of pitfalls and quicksands!

With temperance for a hand upon the passions the way is open to love; and this people can love with open heart—each other, their neighbors, their enemies, if they confessed to any. Their boys and girls can be brought up together without prejudice, afterthought, or what is worse, aftertaste. Sometimes they love each other at school, and thereafter; but they keep innocence; love is not a storm, but a spring calm; and when the summer comes to them they go back to the school of their springtime and are quietly married there. There may be unhappy marriages among them—for they are mortal. I neither saw nor heard of any, but, on the contrary, saw more happy couples in that week I spent among them than I could find in London in five years. If that does not imply some great possession—innocency, temperance, inner light, call it what you will—then it implies supernatural beings. Yet they are of all people I have ever met the most natural. Incredible endowment, in an age grown old and rotten-ripe with knowledge.

It is exceedingly difficult to say what comfort resides in life modelled upon the Sermon on the Mount, to put it no higher; yet since comfort is a thing we all want if it is to be had, it is well worth finding out. Personally, I have always believed poverty to be the secret of earthly happiness; and it is only another way of putting it, perhaps, to say that riches may be it. It is the riches of my recent hosts which allow them their sincerity, their equality, their liberty to love, their serene indifference to the hammerings of circumstance. Knowing what they know, they can afford these things. Since they learned the secret which makes them thus rich, the time, I believe, is three hundred years. Can they not put the rest of us in the way of it—will they not? There is need enough, God knows.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

Reviews.

ACQUISITIVE SOCIETY.

The Acquisitive Society. By R. H. TAWNEY. (Bell. 4s. 6d. net.)

THE organization called British Industry is not at this moment working with even tolerable efficiency. As I write the coal strike is not settled; and everybody knows that when it is settled the miners will go back sulky and unwilling, and that in a month or two another coal strike, possibly accompanied by a rail and transport strike, is not improbable. The building industry is notoriously inefficient, and ship-construction is half-paralyzed.

Every progressive thinker or politician agrees that no permanent cure for this inefficiency can be brought about unless the wealth we produce is distributed with greater fairness, and unless, in the complicated subdivision of modern industry, the producers can be made to see more clearly and to feel more warmly that each man's work is a service rendered to the whole community. The first task, therefore, of our generation is to make men desire a larger measure of social equality and realize the meaning of social service. For that task Mr. Tawney possesses certain excellent qualifications: he is one of the three or four best living writers of English prose; his social sympathy is as authentic as that of William Morris; and there are pages in this book, as there were in the war-time essays by "A W.E.A. Soldier," which approach Tolstoy in their moving directness of appeal. He makes us feel, as hardly anyone else does, that our lives and our ideals are stupid and cruel, and, above all, absurd.

But the call to repentance is not enough. In a crisis like the present we must ask the preacher, "What then shall we do to be saved?" And I feel myself compelled to argue against some of Mr. Tawney's statements of the means to be taken to reach our common ends. Throughout the book his main practical proposal is that associations of producers shall be given greater independence, so that they may develop the virtues which result from professional feeling. "The application," he says, "to industry of the principle of purpose is simple, however difficult it may be to give effect to it. It is to turn it into a Profession" (page 106), or rather, as his argument seems to require, into a federation of self-governing professions. "Industry," he says again, "is simple. An industry, when all is said, is nothing more mysterious than a body of men associated, in various degrees of competition and co-operation, to win their livelihood by providing the community with some service it requires" (page 6). "If industry is to be organized as a profession . . . the responsibility, subject to rigorous public supervision, should rest upon the shoulders of those, from organizer and scientist to laborer, by whom, in effect, the work is conducted" (page 111). This claim, when made, for instance, by the National Union of Teachers and by other representatives of my own industry of teaching, seems to me to exaggerate the degree to which men can be divided into separate functional groups. The function of education is, if one includes as educators the writers of books and inventors of sciences, doctors, architects, committee-men, employers, and, above all, parents, conducted by the greater part of the population. Its control, if left to the teachers, will be badly directed. Even in so isolated a function as the agriculture of the farms surrounding a market town, the station-master, the manure importer and dealer, and the corn-salesman play their part; and the bank manager, who grants or withholds credit to the farmers, would vigorously deny that he is now, or would be if he became an official of a State Bank of Agriculture, a functionless parasite.

Mr. Tawney also seems to me to exaggerate the degree to which the grant of self-government will of itself increase the "public spirit" of the producer. As I read his eloquent chapter on the "Liberation of Industry" I substituted in my own mind "the Inns of Court" and "the British Medical Association" for his general term "professions"; and in every paragraph I found myself doubting and hesitating. On page 228 he laments the fact that the Church of England has lost its independence. "Deprived of its own vitality . . . as an organ of collective thought and

of a common will it became negligible." As I read, I thought of the London Diocesan Conference, which a few days ago howled down Mr. Hudson Shaw for blacklegging by asking Miss Royden to preach from his pulpit. If to-morrow a Bill is passed which, instead of allowing the Premier to appoint Dr. Winnington-Ingram Bishop of London, allows the Diocesan Conference to elect Prebendary Boyd, the members of that Conference will be the same persons; and I am not sure that even if they receive the full independence of the undivided Church in the fifteenth century, they will at once see more justly the relation of their function to the general good. Professional independence may, in its own way and place, help the growth of public spirit. But I am convinced that it is not the main element in that growth, and that the intolerant Syndicalists who come to the front at every crisis in industry, or the Church, or medicine, are no more on the true path of progress than are the intolerant Nationalists of Warsaw or Fiume. Tolstoy helped to produce Trotsky, and the Tolstoy-Morris side of Mr. Tawney may encourage the Trotsky habit of mind in England.

The second point on which Mr. Tawney seems to me to over-simplify his problem is the subordinate place which he assigns to the economic motive of gain. Some of his pages in the first three chapters are curiously like those passages in Aristotle and Plato which denounce the general and the doctor and the shepherd for substituting the unnatural "chrematistic" motive of money-making for the natural motive of fulfilling their several social functions. Such complaints must have been made ever since the first professional flint-knapper made a tool because he wanted food, and not because he wanted to help the tool-user in his work. It was, of course, true in Aristotle's time, and it is still more true now, that without some degree of recognition of function as motive a civilized society cannot hold together. But it is also true that attempts to contrive means by which the economic motive of earning shall help instead of hindering social good are not necessarily wasted. We may deny that "God bade self-love and social be the same," and yet be careful to secure that civil servants and professors and miners shall know that if they work they will be sufficiently paid, and if they do not work they will be dismissed.

But, I may be asked, why complain of an eloquent and touching little book of two hundred and forty pages, which pleads convincingly for social equality, for public spirit, and for professional organization, all of which things you say are good, because the writer does not agree with you as to the exact relation of those goods to each other and to other social factors? I would answer that at this moment everything depends on the patient exploration of many interacting social and economic causes. Lenin in Russia, with his queer candor, is now describing the way in which, after four years of famine and plague and murder, those elements in the problem which Mr. Tawney minimizes are forcing themselves into his mind. Germany is choosing between Tolstoyism and reaction. America has chosen reaction. And British industry withers, while Mr. Lloyd George shifts from the pacific suggestion of one empiric expedient to the violent enforcement of another.

GRAHAM WALLAS.

PLAYBOYS AND POLITICIANS.

Stray-Aways. By E. GE. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS. (Longmans. 16s.)

IN her preface Miss Somerville describes these sketches and studies as "a casual collection of by-products." They represent, according to her, "the joyful moments of revolt of two working women," beguiled into excursions which "had for them the attraction, imperious to an Irish mind, of being anyone else's work more suitably than theirs." For the majority of readers, however, the charm of the book is less that the authors are exploring new fields than that they career across them in the same spirit that makes a gallop with the Duhallow hounds one of the rare joys of literature. In these pages we are carried to places beyond the ken of Flurry Knox and his fellows: to the Châtelet Theatre with Grieg conducting his own music, to Parisian studios, to Danish restaurants where sugared cakes and omelettes oozing

hot strawberry jam are served at breakfast, and find no lack of enjoyment in them all. The phrases are as illuminating as ever. One will not readily forget the young lady at the fair of Odder "whose severely English tie and high collar were mitigated by an eruptive burst of paste brooches"; and no one else has hit off so admirably the abiding puzzle of stout Frenchwomen, whose "appearance would suggest a diet of sofa cushions stewed in lard; yet their purchases seem mainly to consist of pennyworths of radishes, bottles of claret at fourpence apiece, and yards of crusty bread."

"Stray-Aways" gains in interest from the fact that for the first time we are permitted to distinguish between the work of the two authors. It would be rash without further evidence to pronounce a dogmatic opinion, but one suspects that Martin Ross was largely the pioneer. At any rate, her "Cheops in Connemara," written as far back as 1889, holds in solution not a little of the peculiar quality that won the "R. M." books their legion of admirers. There is no caricature in the picture of the bare-footed children stammering out Horace Smith's "Address to a Mummy" at the bidding of a teacher with "an elaborate fringe and a carefully repressed brogue"; on the contrary, the contrast between Cambyzes, Cephrenes, and Osiris, and the flannel and frieze of Connemara is driven home, not with the hammer-strokes of the average humorist, but with the subtle thrusts of one who knows the value of reticence and understatement. Martin Ross was primarily interested in people; Miss Somerville shares that interest, but one feels that she is more concerned than her collaborator to fit them into their right places in a considered scheme of things. Her critical papers reveal an artist who takes her work no less seriously than the pundits of the Irish Revival, and if she does not write up to a theory like some of them, she is equally eager to demonstrate that her practice is in accordance with sound principles.

Why is it that Martin Ross and Miss Somerville remain prophets without honor in their own country? In Dublin intellectual circles to praise their books is to proclaim oneself an outsider, if not actually a barbarian. Mr. Ernest Boyd's elaborate history of the Irish Literary Renaissance does not even mention their names. This hostility would be explicable were it confined to fanatical Gaels, who hold it as an article of faith that Irish writers should express themselves only in Irish, but the opposition is equally strong amongst people who claim to be building up an Anglo-Irish literature. Yet no one has championed more fervently the claims of Anglo-Irish speech as an artistic medium than the authors of "Stray-Aways":—

"Ireland has two languages; one of them is her own by birthright; the second of them is believed to be English, which is a fallacy; it is a fabric built by Irish architects with English bricks, quite unlike anything of English construction. The Anglo-Irish dialect is a passably good name for it, even though it implies an unseemly equality between artist and material, but it is something more than a dialect, more than an affair of pidgin English, bad spelling, provincialisms, and preposterous grammar; it is a tongue pliant and subtle, expressing with every breath the mind of its makers. When at its richest, in the mouths of the older peasants, it owes most to Shakespearean England—not in amount, but in quality. . . . Anglo-Irish remains to us a medium for poets and storytellers that is scarcely to be surpassed, a treasury of idiom and simile meet for the service of literature."

Miss Somerville and Martin Ross justify their panegyric by their performances, which are or ought to be a fruitful source of inspiration to all their fellows. If Irish speech as they render it lacks something of the richness of Synge's prose it is truer to life, and they avoid the mannerisms that make Lady Gregory so dangerous a model for imitators. But, unlike the new school, they decline to set the peasant on a pedestal and burn incense before him in meek adoration. In their books he plays the part rather of the artful valet than of the romantic hero. As writers of fiction they justify this limitation by results, and it is because they have succeeded so well that they rouse the hostility of those who have persuaded themselves that the hope of Ireland is to be found, not in the castle, but in the cabin.

The creators of an "Irish R. M." are in the right when they urge that "literature that shuts out the sunlight is incomplete," and protest against a vision of Ireland "gloomed over monotonously by clouds laden with artistic

tears." Their defect is to assume that the qualities which they value in Irish life depend on the maintenance of a social system of which they approve. "The Irishman," they say truly enough, "is an idealist, a worshipper of idols, of things higher than himself." But when Miss Somerville suggests in her "Ireland, Then and Now," that the landlord is "the thing higher than himself" which the Irishman is bound to worship under penalty of losing his most endearing qualities, she displays a lack of humor even more staggering than that of the fanatics for whom the peasant can do no wrong.

It is the fashion in every age to deplore the disappearance of

"The constant service of the antique world
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!"

That such service ever existed in the antique world or anywhere else may well be doubted; and whatever it may be with individuals, peoples who revolt against a system under which a majority acts as hewers of wood and drawers of water to a minority are not wilfully flinging away their heritage. It would be absurd to charge Miss Somerville with stupidity, yet it is difficult to explain on any other grounds her assertion that Irish peasants are being transformed into "grave and gloomy gentlemen, who talk sombrely of revolutions, and find their pastime in republics instead of in 'pubs.'" The accusation is the more foolish because it runs like a *leit-motif* through nineteenth-century history. Miss Somerville sees Ireland before the Famine as a land where loyal devotion to superiors went hand-in-hand with mirth and laughter, yet not least of O'Connell's crimes in the eyes of his contemporaries was that he had turned his countrymen from light-hearted playboys into savage and sullen politicians. So far from ceasing to pay allegiance to higher things, the ideal of modern Ireland is an ideal of service, and the necessity for sacrifice has been the theme of all Sinn Féin leaders from Padraic Pearse to Terence M'Swiney. There is force in Miss Somerville's argument that education is the vital need of Ireland, and nowhere, it may be added, is education more badly wanted than amongst the class which claims a heaven-born right to lead while ignoring, if not actually repudiating, the obligation to serve.

A NEW ODYSSEY.

The Odyssey. Translated into English in the Original Metre by FRANCIS CAULFEILD. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is not the first attempt to present the Odyssey in the metre of "Evangeline." Some years ago Mr. H. B. Cotterill published a version with the same title. We cannot see that the translators have any right to identify their metre with Homer's. Even Matthew Arnold, who thought this metre the best for translating Homer, never made so daring a claim. He did not refuse to see that, while Homer's is a verse of quantity, his own experiments were in a verse of stress. Mr. Caulfeild, in a prefatory note, uses the marks for long and short syllables in a method difficult to follow. It is wrong enough when the mark of a long quantity is used to indicate stress, but at least one understands what is meant. Mr. Caulfeild tells us that in his verses "the stress is always laid on the first syllable of each foot," but he prints:—

"Loosing the | rope from the | great pierced | stone
to | which it was | fastened."

Here in the fourth foot the word "to," which he marks as long, by his own rule does not carry the stress, and in quantity is manifestly short. The foot, like many others in his lines, is by quantities a trochee and nothing else. Only mispronunciation can make it a spondee. Now it is essential in Homeric verse that all the feet should be of the same metrical value. Even the last foot when it looks like a trochee, as it usually does, though Mr. Caulfeild says that it is always a spondee, is really a catalectic dactyl and musically equivalent to the full foot. Even if it were granted that any verse of stress could be accounted the same as a verse of quantity, it would still be necessary for the second syllable of a so-called spondee to carry weight, to be in fact long, as it is in the third foot of the line quoted. Homeric uniformity disappears when you take licence, as

Mr. Caulfeild does, to present in one line "altogether" and in another "cease altogether" as the two last feet. Can Homer think himself well served when he finds such thin disyllabic feet as "happy" and "carry"? When he reads a line ending with "roomy vessel," will he not say that in the "original" metres this would be the ending, not of a hexameter, but of a pentameter?

As to the Greek and Latin metres, it is still a matter of dispute whether they can be reproduced in English. Those who say No must find some metrical difference between the ancient—

"Smyrna, Chios, Golophon, Salamis, Rhodes, Argos, Athens,"

and the modern—

"Spilsby, Reading, Runnymede, Clithero, Bury, Derby, Devizes."

Lines constructed on this principle at least avoid the deadly monotony of a stress falling always on the first syllable of the foot. We know little of Greek stress, but in England it is customary to read Homer according to the principles of Latin pronunciation, and we know from Quintilian, what may indeed be inferred from the present representatives of the language, that in Latin verse it was not the rule for the stress to fall on the first syllable. The pronunciation of a word followed the general rules.

Now, although, for our own part, we cannot see the most distant metrical likeness between either "altogether" or "cease altogether" and the ending of an ancient hexameter, let us none the less take Mr. Caulfeild on his own principles and see how far he has succeeded. It is generally admitted that what are called English hexameters must "read themselves," that is to say that the stresses must be normal and natural. Mr. Caulfeild startles us by calling it essential "that the first syllable of each line be firmly and deliberately pronounced." On the strength of this dictum he does not scruple to remove the stress from the syllable which really bears it on to that which does not:—

"... perhaps an Immortal
Has put a crazy idea in his head."

It is painful to shift the stress from "put" to "has," but at least we have been instructed beforehand. We have no such warning when we come to the end of a line and find ourselves expected to say "divine-right" or "great-oath," and we have no warning about the trochees. Again, Mr. Caulfeild seems unaware of the character of a proclitic, of which English prepositions, conjunctions, and auxiliary words provide numerous examples. The main objection to what is with some inaccuracy called the split infinitive is that it divides two words which have coalesced into one. Our translator splits his coalesced word between two lines:—

"Three other sons had he: and one, Eurynomus, used to
Go with the suitors."

Or again:—

"So neither king nor shepherd need ever be stinted of
cheese or
Sweet new milk or meat, but they yield a constant
supply of
Milk."

We are inevitably reminded of

"... those companions true
Who studied with me at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen."

Of Homer we are not reminded.

In face of these unnatural licences we conceive a liking for "the pale and far-off shadow" of a prose translation. The style of Butcher and Lang is somewhat out of date, but here is what they make Nausicaa say to her father about her brothers: "Three are lusty bachelors, and these are always eager for new-washed garments wherein to go to the dances; for all these things have I taken thought." Now read a more modern version: "Three are smart young bachelors, and these, when they go out to a dance, are most particular that their clothes should be newly washed; and all this I have to manage." Our readers will forgive us if we suspect them of having fallen into a little trap which we have laid for them. We are confident that they will have read this version as prose, and that even when we say that Mr. Caulfeild prints it as hexameters, they will not easily recognize where the lines begin or end.

As may be judged from this passage, Mr. Caulfeild has attempted the difficult task of turning the *Odyssey* into frankly modern English. For this there is much to be said, but we submit that in face of the nobility of Homer's style two conditions must be fulfilled. We must have standard English with no mixture of the lower colloquialisms, much less of slang, and we must have no sprinkling of outworn words. Our translator does not quite fulfil either condition. He makes Laertes "potter about" because of "rheumatics." His athlete is "shockingly out of condition" and doubtful of "beating the record." His dancers "keep it up to the last" or stand about "the common lounge." They all say "want" when they mean "wish," and yet they will say "eke" and "erstwhile" and "nigh," and their clothing is "cunningly wrought." The old lion of the "stricken field" is compelled to lie down with the young lamb of a "route." We cannot think that this is making the best of two worlds.

The test of a translation of Homer is the plain passages in which the problem is, as Arnold put it, "to keep Homer's simplicity without being heavy and dull, and to keep his dignity without bringing in pomp and ornament." Is the difficulty overcome in such a passage as this?—

"Old man, let me advise you to go back at once to your house, and
Prophecy this to your children, for fear they should get into trouble."

But, what these two birds mean, I can tell much better than you can:

You may see plenty of birds any day in sunshiny weather, And they don't, most of them, mean anything in particular:

also
Your friend Odysseus is dead: and 'twould be a good job if you too

Were just as dead as he; for then we shouldn't be bored with

All this prophecy business"

Mr. Caulfeild can have little belief in Homer's dignity, and, in our view, the stress must in eight cases be put on the wrong syllable if the lines are to scan.

Mr. Caulfeild but rarely mistranslates. He does, however, make Elpenor fall on a roof instead of from the roof, and he makes Antilochus swift to pursue where Homer refers to speed in a foot race.

FROM OLD TO NEW IN EDUCATION.

The Modern Teacher. Edited by A. WATSON BAIN. With an Introduction by Sir W. HENRY HADOW, Vice-Chancellor University of Sheffield. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

THE title raises expectations which it does not fulfil. "Of Chaucer's characters," said Blake, "some of the names or titles are altered by time, but the characters themselves remain unaltered." Is this true of the modern teacher? The titles have been altered. "Dominie" and "usher" are used only with a savor of archaic pleasantry. Even the old titles "master" and "mistress" tend to disappear before the narrower term "teacher"; the word of authority is not willingly assumed on the one side nor conceded on the other. Naturally the question suggests itself: Is there any substantial alteration underlying this change of name?

Mr. Watson Bain's book does not address itself directly to the answering of this question. He has got together an All England XI. under the captaincy of Sir Henry Hadow, and each of the distinguished team in his innings discusses the aims and methods of his special subject as modified by the needs and experiences of these rapidly shifting times in which we live. There is no tail to the team: each essay contributes new and valuable thinking. There are omissions. No place is found for music, art, manual instruction, or physical training. These omissions are serious. It is true the Board of Education finds no place for them either in its new school certificate, because, forsooth, they are not capable of being assessed in terms of marks, and are therefore inconvenient for the purposes of administrative machinery; but it is for the teaching profession to give a lead to officialdom and not acquiesce in their shortcomings. It would not be difficult to show that no other subjects have contributed so much to the educational awakening of our own day, and none are more hopeful of good results in the future. They lie at the

very root of the renaissance of education and the new social life of the Scandinavian countries and Finland. "This idea," said Cygnæus (speaking of manual training), "is the leaven which will vitalize the whole school's system, the seed-grain which will yield much fruit." This prophecy of sixty years ago has been fulfilled.

Moreover no subjects exemplify more strikingly the principle which differentiates the new teaching from the old. The old method in physical training was drill and dumbbells, and the more mechanical the perfection attained the better pleased was the inspecting officer. Now the dumbbells rust unused, and it is free exercises and country dancing. There is a premium on any one who will invent a new game that can be played on the exercise ground. The old art teaching was by way of copies; now the pupil gets to work almost at once upon flowers and real objects of life; as soon as he can show mastery of form and color, he begins to design; as soon as he feels his feet as a designer, he applies his powers in some definite craft work. In manual training, as soon as a boy has learned the use of a few tools, he sets to work to make some object which is dear to his heart, and soon realizes that for his constructive work he must make himself expert with other tools which he has not yet handled. In music there is still a place for scales; no art can dispense with the technique; there is still a place for the set piece, for music is meaningless to the person who has not learned to read it; but the great hope for music in England, as Dr. Walford Davies says, is that children should write their own tunes, and there is no sufficient reason why with right encouragement they should not do so.

It is the same principle which differentiates modern methods of teaching in other subjects from the methods of the last generation. Formerly, the idea was that the youthful mind was a *tabula rasa*, and the teacher's business was to write on it. If the *tabula rasa* proved unwilling, then knowledge was to be "dinged into it," as the phrase went, as though it were a nail. Similarly, the training of character was conceived of as an *ab extra* process; character was to be moulded. In the first place, the knowledge or the character was assumed as the necessary starting-point, and the child was made to conform to that standard pattern. Secondly, the idea was that the educative process was imposed from without and worked inwards. In contrast to this the modern conception makes the personality of a child central; the vital forces within the child will supply the growth power; it is for the teacher to supply that spiritual freedom which is necessary for growth, to train the vital impulses not by repression, but through sublimation, and, above all, to recognize that the essence of personality is creative, and the unfailing accompaniment of the creative act is joy.

"There is the mistake the teachers have made," says Mr. Greening Lamborn. "Instead of asking—what have we to do for the child? they have asked—what have we to do for the inspector?"

It is the recognition of this principle, in terms more or less explicit, which gives unity to these essays. "Life" is the keynote of Mr. Lamborn's most stimulating essay on English Literature. Literary beauty cannot be taught, it must be felt, and the thrill of it is essentially communicable. The English composition, Mr. Guy Kendall tells us, must no longer be set in a rigid mould with introduction, three headings, and conclusion. A scheme should be a help, not a fetter. "Get going," is his counsel to the young composer; let the composition be a fragment if necessary. "The chief discovery standing to the credit of modern-language teaching in recent years," says Prof. Graham Ritchie, "is the practicability of applying to the acquisition of foreign languages methods similar to those by which a child learns his mother tongue." If it is geometry, let the pupil make geometrical figures and objects before he learns the theory; if it is citizenship, let the scholars make their own civic institutions and live the civic life before you teach them the functions of the urban district councillor and the inspector of nuisances. Finally, the solution of the familiar "moral problem" of schools must

be sought, as Bishop Temple says, largely through the indirect method of providing outlets for nascent personality. Moral and religious education is no exception. Here, too, the emphasis is on life. The positive leading of the unborn life-impulse must be obeyed as implicitly as the veto of conscience:—

"The greatest sin boys can commit—far greater than any lapse into carnal indulgence—is to choose their profession on any other ground than consideration where they can render most effective service; for this is to withdraw the greater part of their time from the service of God and hand it over to self."

DETERIORATION.

Simon called Peter. By ROBERT KEABLE. (Constable. 8s. 6d. net.)

To the admirers of Mr. Keable's art (and they are not a few) this novel will prove a stumbling-block. Like any other author, Mr. Keable might have been expected to produce on occasion an inferior book—a book showing haste or fatigue or an ill-chosen subject. What is mysterious is that Mr. Keable, of all writers, should have been guilty of this bad book. Looking back on his literary work as a whole, it is reasonable to say that (with the exception, perhaps, of certain ghost stories crudely modelled on the books of the late Hugh Benson) its pervasive quality, the secret of its charm, has been delicacy of sentiment. Thus in "A City of the Dawn" he contrived to draw a subtle, poignant romance from a kind of missionary labour which (consisting for the most part not of flaming martyrdoms, but of accumulated small discomforts and discouragements) eludes the sympathy of a careless observer. Similarly, in "Standing By," he showed with a curious, intimate tenderness the rationale of the varied types of belief and unbelief that a military chaplain encounters during a war. And more recently still, in "Pilgrim Papers," he treated with wistful restraint that very conflict between priestly vocation and earthly love which in "Simon called Peter" he paints with so coarse a brush.

The framework of the story is grave and significant enough. A fashionable curate (nurtured on the form of religion which finds expression in an altar decorated with gold plate having "something of the effect of show pieces at Mappin & Webb's," and "two vases of hot-house lilies") goes to France as a chaplain during the war. He finds that the religion for which he stands is a convention that has everywhere peeled off through the heat of released instincts. This heat scorches him too; a broken creed and the memory of an icy and respectable *fiancée* far away in Park Lane cannot secure him against the orgy of the senses which in the dread of imminent death is raging everywhere behind the lines around him. With a hazy memory that Christ preferred the society of publicans and sinners to that of the "religious world" of his time, Peter Graham takes to drinking and swearing, frequents (though as a rule for nothing worse than conversation) the society of prostitutes, and presently starts a flirtation with a daring and vivacious nurse in the hospital where he has charge. This blazes into a passionate love-affair, and the two spend their leave together in London. Abruptly, Graham's mistress perceives (what is not conspicuous to the reader) that her self-deluding lover is incurably in love with God, and surrenders him to her Rival.

This might have been a moving tale, whether Peter's love for Julie were ideal or sensual—there was nothing spiritual in John Inglesant's tragic passion for Lauretta, one remembers. Even had it been no more than the study of a priest's sordid lapse into debauchery, it might, if told with the implacability of a Zola, have been an impressive document. The one treatment that makes it quite intolerable is the treatment Mr. Keable has applied, the transformation of the drama into a series of pictures like the illustrations to "La Vie Parisienne," a succession of piquantly voluptuous images, drawn out and lingered over with delectation. In this setting of champagne-corks

and frilled underwear, sweetmeats and improper postcards, the invertebracy of Peter and the shallow, harlot soul of Julie, which all her pluckiness cannot disguise, arouse only distaste. Certainly Mr. Keable is no amateur novelist; he catches the turn of a conversation, the impression of a scene, the saliences of a character as though he had written twenty books of realistic fiction. Perhaps the back and the underside of the war have never yet been so faithfully reported, and there is a scene of an air-raid on a leave-train when one of Peter's officer friends is killed at his side that has the dry and piercing sincerity of the best naturalistic writing. Unhappily, the general tone of the work is different, and we are left wondering why Mr. Keable published it. To revile his past and show that religion should give place to the lower Cyrenaicism? Scarcely, we think, for the religious theme, though flabbily treated, is still present. But if Mr. Keable is still commending to us some kind of religion, Anglican or Roman Catholic, then his book is really a stumbling-block. It can only deepen the widespread modern belief that all religious profession is hypocrisy.

Foreign Literature.

FROM A RAILWAY BOOKSTALL IN SPAIN.

El Camino de Paros; Hombres de América; El que Vendrá. By JOSÉ ENRIQUE RODÓ. (Barcelona and Valencia: Ed. "Cervantes." 3.50 ptas., 4 ptas., and 5 ptas.)

Bolívar y Washington, by CARLOS PEREYRA; **Capítulos de la Historia colonial de Venezuela,** by ARÍSTIDES ROJAS; **La Lámpara de la Fama,** by PEDRO DE RÉPIDE. (Madrid: Soc. Esp. de Librería. 4.50 ptas., 3.50 ptas., and 3.50 ptas.)

Divagaciones de un Transeunte. By A. DE LA SOTA. (Bilbao: Ed. Vasca. 5 ptas.)

Ensayos y Imaginaciones sobre Madrid, by LUIS BELLO; **El Solar de la Raza,** by MANUEL GÁLVEZ. (Madrid: Bibl. Calleja. 4 ptas. and 4.50 ptas.)

Velázquez, by J. MORENO VILLA; **Grabados de Goya,** by A. SÁNCHEZ RIVERO; **Los Grandes Monasterios Españoles,** by V. LAMPÉREZ ROMEA. (Madrid: Ed. Calleja. 2.50 ptas. each.)

La Pipa de Kif; El Pasajero. By RAMÓN DEL VALLE-INCLÁN. (Madrid: Soc. Esp. de Libr. 3 ptas. each.)

Láminas de Foletín y de Misal. By LUIS FERNÁNDEZ ARDAVIN. (Madrid: Ed. Pueyo. 4 ptas.)

Not long ago a correspondent was praising the French railway bookstalls in comparison with our own. After a prolonged journey in Spain and parts of Italy as well as France, the conclusion is forced upon the traveller that in the equipment of railway bookstalls they do things better in Spain than in any other country in Western Europe. The reason is to be found not so much in the fact that Spain had the inestimable advantage of neutrality; for though Spanish people, unlike nearly everyone in belligerent countries, have not lost their composure, yet they are passing through a social and economic crisis which is as serious there as any in France or England. The prosperity brought by the war was never fairly distributed and has proved transitory; and in Spain (as in all countries except Germany and Austria) music and literature are the first things over which people economize.

The most noticeable thing about a Spanish bookstall is the beautiful appearance of some of the books, and then the quality of their contents. The kind of book which fills an English bookstall, or a French one, hardly exists in Spain; there are few "shockers," fewer still of the sentimental-erotic, while the frankly pornographic is usually read in French. There are none of those curious little treatises of applied physiology which one sees everywhere in Italy. At Irun, on the French frontier, and at a dozen stations or more on the line to Madrid, there are excellently stocked bookstalls, worth getting out of the train to see, and filled with the essays and studies of "Azorín" and Unamuno; the novels of Baroja, Blasco Ibáñez, Pérez Galdós, and Pérez de Ayala; the poetry of Rubén Darío and Juan Ramón Jiménez; and the novels and plays of

Valle-Inclán and Martínez Sierra—writers who (with two exceptions) are still living, and who hold established and well-deserved positions in Spanish and, indeed, in European literature.

The "W. H. Smith" of Spain who has provided these bookstalls and who keeps them up-to-date is the Director of the Sociedad General Española de Librería—an institution which also acts as agent for many of the leading publishers in the Peninsula and in Spanish America. American works, indeed, are conspicuous; but, curiously enough, they are usually not novels, but essays or quasi-historical works, such as "Bolívar y Washington," by D. Carlos Pereyra, and the "Chapters on the Colonial History of Venezuela," by D. Aristides Rojas. In the latter, one's eye is caught by the long list of Basques who were companions in arms of Bolívar, and by the meanings of their names. Basque, too, are the charming essays in Sr. de la Sota's "Divagaciones," which are written round the everyday life of Bilbao—a place which is not so small but that it is exceedingly prosperous and exceedingly cultivated, and not so large but that its inhabitants form, as it were, one large circle, as in the national Basque dance of the *Aurresku*.

Bolívar forms the subject of one of the essays of José Enrique Rodó, now collected under the name of "Hombres de América." Rodó, the profound and tranquil thinker of Montevideo, died in Italy in 1917 during a visit to Europe. His last essays, which include an interesting summary of the Catalan question, are contained in "El Camino de Paros"—that way which Rodó kept constantly in mind and the direction which his thinking never lost.

"El Solar de la Raza" (Calleja) is a book of thoughtful and sometimes singular essays by another South American writer, D. Manuel Gálvez, who is a native of Argentina. He writes with considerable originality and a certain power of persuasion on the *solar* of the Spanish race, the plot of ground upon which the different "Spains"—Castile, Catalonia, Biscay, Andalucía, and the rest—have been reared; and his views are of especial interest to English readers, even though they are apt to destroy some cherished illusions.

The extremely decorative and beautifully produced books published by Calleja are also represented by the "Ensayos y Imaginaciones sobre Madrid" of D. Luis Bello. Behind the political intrigues, the Government Offices, and the flurry of a metropolis, he has revealed the essential beauty and poetry of Madrid, and done much towards explaining that august lady's enigmatic personality. It was Diez Canedo, however, who, some years ago, first identified her with the figure of Cybele on the fountain:—

"Tú, madrileña, miles de súbditos
tienes, y un alma goyesca, indómita,
que sabe de amores, de rezos,
de motines, de fiestas de toros."

"And" (he went on, in his delightful Carduccian alcaics) "when, in April, everyone is driving by to the *Paseo*, how you long to break that stony calm and, changing the lions of your chariot for cab-horses, to go along with the rest, with your *mantilla* and a bunch of carnations":—

"y una mantilla, y en el ubérrimo
pecho nutricio, llamas pupúreas
de ardientes claveles, ardientes
como tu corazón de manola."

To Pérez Galdós, Madrid was something more than an *alma goyesca*, a *corazón de manola*; and in stories like "Fortunata y Jacinta" she became the central figure, the mother and mistress of the destinies of all Madrileños. Sr. Bello's essay, "El Madrid de Don Benito," is a valuable commentary on the work of the great novelist.

In "La Lámpara de la Fama," D. Pedro de Répide lives up to his reputation as the exquisite chronicler of old Madrid, holding up the lamp of fame to a curious and diverting history of the eighteenth century, as well as to Bolívar, and to the adventures of certain Madrileños in the Indies.

Art is represented on the bookstalls by three little volumes of the "Colección popular de Arte," dealing with Velázquez, the Engravings of Goya, and the Monasteries of Spain; while amongst the poetry is the book of verse by D. Luis Fernández Ardavin, whose *stylisierte Muse* dresses in the fashion of a period somewhere between the 'sixties

and the "Dolly Dialogues." There is something curiously attractive about it; as there is in the two volumes of D. Ramón del Valle-Inclán. "The Passenger" is a bunch of mystic roses by an accomplished grower of that kind of blossom. "The Pipe of Kif" leads back to Madrid, and the poet adopts the attitude of the Gran Señor who has come to Court. The book reflects the life of streets, cafés, clubs. . . . You see the poet, with his cloak and beard, on the way to the Café Regina on an autumn evening. There are the stalls he passed, the street-cries he heard:—

"La tarde calina
—; Mojama y cecina!
—; Torraets y altramuz!
Guardillas solares,
Plenas de cantares,
Con el micifuz
Filo del tejado,
El rabo quemado,
Los ojos en luz!"

All these, prose and poetry, and many more which deserve mention, are displayed on railway bookstalls in Spain, and, in default of what some people might consider to be more suitable *Reiselektüre*, are being bought and read. Fiction has been deliberately omitted from the foregoing summary.

J. B. T.

From the Publishers' Table.

WE learn that Messrs. Harcourt, Brace & Company will reissue Louis Untermeyer's "Modern American Poetry," expanded from 170 pages to 419; will, on behalf of the University of Virginia, commemorate that body's centenary with a volume of original poems by Davies, Dunsany, De la Mare, and others; and will also produce some translations of "Modern Russian Poetry" by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky.

THE Oxford Press, also, announce an anthology of verse written by women, from Anne Askewe to Sylvia Lynd—four centuries—prepared and prefaced by J. C. Squire. "Fleurs de France," from the same publishers, is an anthology of French verse of recent date, compiled by Lady Frazer. Meanwhile, Sir Henry Newbolt has been gathering a selection of English prose and verse from the fourteenth century, with the intention of showing the literature as "a great concourse of characters and influences." Messrs. Dent are the publishers.

THE bold and praiseworthy attempt of the Somerset Folk Press (16, Harpur Street, W.C. 1) to perpetuate the dialect and local lore of Somerset by a series of small volumes should arouse very general interest. "Selected Poems in the Somerset Dialect" is in the press, and the long list of propositions includes works on "Columbaria and Tithe Barns," "Old Village Clubs," "Somerset Birds," "Legends and Ghost Stories," and reprints of old poets. Much material for these books has been appearing since 1895 in the "Somerset County Herald."

SOME months ago there were suggestions in the Press that the cottage at Helpston where John Clare was born in 1793 should be bought for the nation. The plan was not realized, but a commemorative tablet was lately placed on the cottage by the Peterborough Museum Society, in the presence of some hundreds of enthusiasts. A memorial of remarkable ugliness already existed in the village, having been put up in 1869. The new tablet is of severe simplicity, as it should be.

A SINGULAR and beautiful poem by Mr. Wilfred Childe adds distinction to the summer number of "Voices," which has now, like "To Day," become a quarterly. Mr. Childe's forthcoming book of verse, "A Gothic Rose," arouses our expectations. "Voices" also contains a short comment on the poetry of Isaac Rosenberg. It is a pity that he is so inaccessible. A collected edition was promised some time ago, but is yet to seek.

THE catalogue of the forthcoming Stowe sale has been published—"an immense thing," writes a correspondent; "enough for any ordinary man to carry." We gather that many books of the first order are to be dispersed; and if there are many as fine as the probably unique set of Piranesi, a photograph of which we have seen, there should be much fluttering in the dovescots.

MR. J. S. BILLINGHAM, of Northampton, who assisted in preparing the Stowe catalogue, has issued his 101st list, including, we notice, some books from the library of Gervase Elwes. The literary inquirer might do worse than purchase "about 350 volumes of old magazines," belonging for the most part to the period 1750-1800 (£5 10s.); and there are such interesting items as a MS. cookery book of the seventeenth century, a MS. medical work of 1742, a first edition of "Eikon Basilike," and some diverting tracts. "An Arke for all God's Noahs, in a Gloomy, Stormy Day," 1662, "Several Prodigies and Apparitions seen, with Strange and Terrifying Noises often heard in the Heavens from April, 1661, to June, 1662," are typical.

MR. A. E. NEWTON, whose "Amenities of Book Collecting" made some stir last year, has in the press a volume entitled "A Magnificent Farce: and other Diversions of a Book Collector." Messrs. Putnam's Sons are the publishers.

A WORK by the late Alexander Macbain, the Celtic scholar, on "Highland Place-Names," is announced by Mr. Eneas Mackay, of Stirling, who publishes the same author's "Etymological Dictionary of the Gaelic Language" and other works. Mr. Mackay has also in preparation a treatise on "The Highland Dress," elucidating "the story in every line and history in every check."

BACONIANS will note, or probably will have noted, a pamphlet on "The Tempest," by R. L. Eagle, published by Messrs. Gay & Hancock (2s. 6d. net). Mr. Eagle, pursuing the theory that this play is autobiographical, seeks to read, for Prospero, Bacon; for Ariel, the genius of Poetry; and for Caliban, the forces of Ignorance and Barbarity. Considering the huge output of Lope de Vega and Thomas Heywood, Mr. Eagle thinks "The Tempest" might have been written in two days (*Prospero to Ariel*: "After two days I will discharge thee").

IN "Norfolk Archaeology" (Vol. XX., Part III.) we find a study of Robert Baron, poet and dramatist, 1630-1658, which improves on the article in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Baron was something of a phenomenon, producing at the age of seventeen a book called the "Cyprian Academy," with daring borrowings from "L'Allegro" and "Comus." This work, if not the portrait which it gave, made "all the ladies of the land in love with him." The bibliography given in "Norfolk Archaeology" describes three subsequent books by him, all of which are now exceedingly scarce.

A Hundred Years Ago.

1821: SOME PUBLICATIONS.

MERE lists of books are able to cajole the reader into reflections of a pleasant cast, as indeed a map can, or an old almanac. There were several books produced in 1821 which we should be happy to discover on the second-hand stalls, but which we never do. Not that they are all housed in the strongholds of the bibliophile: he has enough to do to collect the works of recognized genius or of obvious bibliographical importance and value that belong to the period. There is another style of rarity. We could rejoice over "Boydell's Illustrations of Holy Writ; being a Series of 100 copper-plate Engravings from Original Drawings, by I. Taylor," published at six guineas. These extraordinary drawings, which were reissued in 1835, had been done by Isaac Taylor in or about 1795, and are curiously akin in a certain hugeness of conception to Blake, as Rossetti

affirmed. A reprint of Christopher Smart's "Song to David" ("it is a psychological curiosity," said the "New Monthly," "and as such we recommend it to our readers") was another 1821 publication not unworthy of a certain comparison with Blake. A selection from Smart's poems is rumored to be in preparation at the present time.

"A Series of Etchings, portraying the Physiognomy, Manners, and Character of the People of France and Germany" must have been worth a guinea a part. We shall look about for these, though of the artist, George Lewis, we know no more. As certainly as we should leave "The Third Tour of Dr. Syntax, in Search of a Wife," in the box, we should rescue therefrom "Enchiridion: or a Hand for the One-Handed," by a captain who lost his arm at Vittoria and spent his time in inventions for the benefit of his fellow-victims. "A Dialogue in the Shades, between W. Caxton and W. Wynkyn," might be worth hearing. We are poor hands at the novel, but "Prejudice and Responsibility" ought to have been framed on the right lines; so also "Prudence and Principle." "The Old English Squire"—good easy man! and worthy of a poem of ten cantos. "The Kentish Poets" in two volumes were doubtless a strong combination, but who were they? It is time that Kent eclipsed the faded glories of Nicholas Amhurst, and also the Sussex anthology lately noticed in "The World of Books." Mr. Sassoon could well take up the anthologist's mantle.

Guy of Warwick's "noble and renowned History, many famous and valiant Actions, remarkable and brave Exploits," still held its own as a book for children. It had been a popular work in the budgets of the old travelling bookmen for many years. "Memoirs of the Kitcat Club," with forty-eight portraits after Kneller, might be good reading. "The Scorpion Critic Unmasked, or Animadversions on a pretended Review of 'Fleurs, a poem, in four books,'" shows what may happen to a reviewer. It is a dangerous calling, or was in 1821. If you scratched a book, it seems, you found a barbarian. Hogarth should have noticed this in his "Progress of Cruelty."

Science.

HENRY CAVENDISH (1731-1810).

It is somewhat remarkable that James Clerk Maxwell should have devoted the last five years of his life to editing the electrical papers of Henry Cavendish.* One hesitates to say that the results were not worth the pains, for Cavendish was a great man, and his researches are among the most remarkable in the history of science. Neither could one say that Maxwell was not the man for the task; on the contrary, he was an ideal editor, and Sir Joseph Larmor is able to say of his edition of Cavendish that "There is, perhaps, no instance in the history of science in which the unpublished records left by an investigator have been arranged and elucidated with such minute fidelity." Besides making himself complete master of Cavendish's ideas and results, and undertaking the historical research necessary for the complete elucidation of the text, Maxwell added thirty-five notes of commentary which, says Sir Joseph Larmor, "constitute an example of powerful and elegant relevant original investigation such as could hardly have been carried through by anyone else." The task, therefore, was superbly done, and if we regret, ever so slightly, that it absorbed five years of Maxwell's life, it is only because we remember that it was Maxwell's own researches which, more than any other cause, led to the modern revolution in the ideas and methods of physical science. That Maxwell was fascinated by his task there can be no doubt. He had a great respect for Cavendish, and he seems, moreover, to have taken the delight in him which

a novelist might take in an extreme character, in a man so emphatically himself, as it were, that imagination can suggest no improvement.

For Cavendish was wholly, almost ridiculously, single-minded. He is thus described by Wilson, his chief biographer:—

"He was almost passionless. . . . His brain seems to have been but a calculating machine. . . . His Theory of the Universe seems to have been that it consisted solely of a multitude of objects which could be weighed, numbered and measured; and the vocation to which he considered himself called was to weigh, number and measure as many of those objects as his allotted three-score years and ten would permit. This conviction biased all his doings, alike his great scientific enterprises and the petty details of his daily life. . . . Throughout his long life he never transgressed the laws under which he seems to have instinctively acted. . . . It seems, indeed, to have been impossible for Cavendish to investigate any question otherwise than quantitatively. . . ."

Cavendish was, in fact, a complete example of the comic novelist's idea of the man of science. He lived completely in character, down to details. He wore absurd clothes, fifty years out of date; he lived an extraordinarily solitary life; he always ate mutton, and on the extremely rare occasions when he entertained guests, if one leg of mutton was not sufficient, he would order two. When he encountered the distinguished foreigner who had come to England specially to meet him, he stammered for a moment, and instantly fled. As a last touch, we may mention that his life was extremely frugal, his laboratory a stable, and that he was enormously rich, leaving over a million. The man sounds like a caricature.

Why, then, did James Clerk Maxwell, the man with the deepest scientific insight of any man of his time, devote five years to the doings of this oddity? The answer is that Cavendish was not only an oddity; he was profoundly sagacious. His conception of life was measurement, it is true, but he knew what to measure. The quality of a man of science is in nothing seen more clearly than in the kind of problem he puts to himself. Great problems are not ready made. A problem consists in determining relations; but what relations? Consider, for instance, as every reader of Huxley's popular lectures on Evolution must have done, the relations between the skeleton of a bird and that of a reptile. To the comparative anatomist these shapes, which are not, after all, very similar, suggest very pregnant relations. Haphazard measurement surely would reveal nothing. Cavendish not only measured everything, he measured certain aspects of that everything, and in his choice of what to measure he displayed a true scientific insight hardly surpassed in the history of science. In some cases, as, for instance, his measurements of the "capacity" of different conductors, he is dealing with relations the very idea of which was unknown to his contemporaries—so much so that, one hundred years after, we find Maxwell writing to a friend that the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge still has work to do before it brings its "capacity" determinations up to the point where Cavendish left them.

This peculiar state of things is due to the fact that Cavendish did not publish his chief researches. He conducted long series of laborious experiments, determining with exquisite accuracy most important relations, and simply kept the results to himself. He enjoyed a high reputation, but his indifference to it was complete. He solved problems, apparently merely in order to satisfy himself. He never argued nor desired to make converts, and he would placidly watch the growing popularity of theories he had privately proved to be wrong. Different explanations have been advanced for this inhuman procedure: that, like Newton, he was afraid of controversies; that he detested the labor of literary composition; that he was a complete misanthrope. Whatever the reason may be, his conduct affected the history of science. Other men had painfully to rediscover things that Caven-

* "The Scientific Papers of the Honorable Henry Cavendish, F.R.S." Vol. I., The Electrical Researches. Edited by James Clerk Maxwell. Vol. II., Chemical and Dynamical. Edited by Sir Edward Thorpe. (Cambridge University Press. 120s. net.)

dish already knew perfectly well. He died, as he had lived, alone. One story has it that, feeling his end approaching, he sent his servant away, telling him that he now had some very important matters to consider, and wished not to be disturbed.

In forming an estimate of this man's achievements we must remember that electrical phenomena were by no means his only concern. He was not inferior as a chemist, and his published work, and, still more, his unpublished manuscripts, show that this indefatigable measurer made important discoveries also in meteorology, astronomy, heat, geology, geodesy, and mathematics. In noting the extraordinary accuracy of Cavendish's measurements, it must be remembered that his apparatus was often extremely rough, judged by our modern ideas. In his measurements of electric resistance, for instance—determinations which, as Maxwell remarks, have always necessitated a galvanometer—Cavendish's apparatus was his own body. His method was to estimate the strength of different electric shocks, and he reached a high degree of accuracy.

The present edition of his work is definitive. The first volume is a reprint, with additions by Sir Joseph Larmor, of Maxwell's edition of the *Electrical Researches*. The second volume contains his papers on Chemistry and other subjects. He recognized the individuality of gases; he discovered the real nature of atmospheric air, the compound nature of water and its quantitative composition. He anticipated Scheele in the discovery of arsenic acid. He investigated gaseous diffusion and the phenomena of gaseous explosions. His work on Heat, if it had been published at the time it was performed, would have placed him on a par with Black. He carried out a classical experiment to determine the density of the earth, and he shows a perfect understanding of such recondite matters as the dynamical variation of latitude. He understood the Conservation of Energy, and held views on this matter which we do not find again till we come to Helmholtz's famous Essay of 1847. Another matter he knew about was the tidal retardation of the diurnal rotation of the earth. The fact that a ray of light should be deviated from its path on passing close to the sun had also occurred to him. For forty years he made observations on terrestrial magnetism, anticipating, of course, many subsequent ideas and observations. We see that the comic figure, the comic manner, concealed something very great indeed. We see that the respect, even of a Maxwell, was fully earned. But one can never wholly forgive this powerful and austere genius for keeping most of these things to himself.

S.

Music.

BACH OR LISZT?

LADIES who travel in a certain small European country are advised by those who know it well to wear their oldest frocks, for if they dress as they would in London they will be the objects of not very respectful comment. The foreign pianist who visits London seems to have received analogous advice with regard to the musical fashions of English audiences. He probably assumes as a matter of course that the English, having no music of their own, will expect a German programme, by which I mean, not a programme consisting exclusively of German music, but the sort of programme which is offered to average German audiences. He commits a grave error, for English taste in pianoforte-playing differs curiously from that of the Continent. Moreover, the foreign pianist who gives a recital in London does not meet what could be called an average audience, even an average English audience. If he is one of the great men, he gets a select audience; if he is not, he gets practically no audience at all. And an audience of deadheads is all that he deserves if he can give us nothing

more interesting than a programme of hackneyed nineteenth-century classics. Yet the object which he has in view is the exact opposite of the travelling Englishwoman's. She wishes to avoid comment, and comment is what he comes to England for.

To the majority of English music-lovers the pianoforte is still a domestic instrument. The foreign virtuoso, whatever his instrument may be, regards himself as a superman. To the Italian, singing is the intensification, or at least the exaggeration, of individuality; to the Englishman it is the negation of it. And this is perfectly consistent with the foreigner's habit of regarding the Englishman in general as a man who exaggerates his own individuality beyond all measure. Our ideal of English liberty is the liberty of individualism for the average man; in imperial Germany individualism was equivalent to *lèse-majesté*. The only individual who could be allowed to intensify his own personality was the artist, the rare exception to normal citizenship, the superman. England has always regarded the doctrine of the superman with amused contempt. It was an unnecessary doctrine for the Englishman. England had no need of supermen, not so much because all Englishmen were *ipso facto* supermen, but because all foreigners were submen. The foreign superman is to the Englishman simply a super-freak; the only foreigner whom he will accept is the one who succeeds in Anglicizing himself on strictly normal and non-committal lines. It is a privilege which we concede exclusively to ourselves to be abnormal without being ridiculous.

The historic example of the Continental superman in music is Liszt, and we can sum up the difference between the English attitude to music and that of the Continent in the fact that Liszt has never had the slightest influence on English music. He played in England, he was adored in England, especially when he was too old to play any more—that is the true English way. But he founded no school of pianists in this country, and his compositions have been regarded with something less than respect. Mr. Lamond was his pupil, and Mr. Lamond is one of our great men, but his greatness lies in the dignity and austerity of his interpretations. Among our composers Elgar is the only one who has derived something from Liszt. Perhaps it is just this touch of Liszt that has made Elgar more acceptable to Continental audiences than others of his generation; yet it is an influence so slight as to be hardly apparent at all when we compare Elgar, not with his compatriots, but with his contemporaries abroad.

England has produced no pianoforte music—though as I write this sentence I feel rather like Alice in the trial scene. Yes, endless music is written for the pianoforte in England, but even our newest renaissance has brought forth very little that finds its way into concert programmes. The favorite concertos are still those of Schumann and Beethoven. Let it be noted that the concertos of Liszt make rare appearances. Our pianists learn them, but I do not think that they play them with much pleasure. They learn a few of his rhapsodies and smaller pieces; but they very seldom play the great sonata. No English pianist would ever think of giving a recital devoted to Liszt alone. His music simply does not fit in with our English temperament. For Liszt's music, with few exceptions, is always music for the concert platform. To sit down and play it is to proclaim oneself at once one of the race of supermen, one of those who do, at least on such occasions, if not in private life, claim the right to intensify their own personalities to the furthest possible extent. And the music of Beethoven or Bach, even the Sonata Op. 106 or the Chromatic Fantasia, is always music that we could enjoy best in the privacy of our own houses, provided that we could find someone to play it to us. For privacy is undoubtedly one of the things which the Englishman values the most highly, and he values the sense of privacy in music no less than in any other department of life.

The contrast between the English and the Continental pianist was well illustrated last week by the recitals of Mr. Harold Samuel and M. Brailowsky.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT.

CITY OF SHEFFIELD EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following appointments, for which MASTERS are required for the commencement of the Autumn Term, 1921:—

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PERCIVAL SHARP,
Director of Education.

Education Office,
Sheffield,
May, 1921.

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Applications, accompanied by twelve copies of three or four Testimonials, should be sent to the undersigned not later than June 20th, 1921.

The Candidate elected will be required to enter upon the duties on October 1st, 1921.

Further particulars may be obtained from

GEORGE H. MORLEY,
Secretary.

CITY OF SHEFFIELD EDUCATION COMMITTEE.
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PERCIVAL SHARP, Director of Education.
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UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

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THE University Court will shortly proceed to the appointment of the first incumbent of the Jaffrey Chair of Political Economy, the patronage of which is vested in the University Court. The salary is £1,100 per annum.

The Professor will be required to take up duty on October 1st, 1921.

Persons desirous of being considered for the office are requested to lodge their names with the Secretary of the University on or before July 15th, 1921, together with twenty-two copies of testimonials and a full statement of qualifications, age, and previous experience.

H. J. BUTCHART, Secretary.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT (contd.).

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE.

COLEG PRIFATHROFAOL DEHEUDIR CYMRU A MYNWY.

THE COUNCIL OF THE COLLEGE invites applications for the Post of TEMPORARY PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY (for 12 months from October 1st, 1921). Salary £760 per annum.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom 10 copies of applications and testimonials (which need not be printed) must be received on or before Tuesday, June 14th, 1921.

D. J. A. BROWN,

Registrar.

University College, Cardiff,
May 23rd, 1921.

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Applications, on Forms to be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, should reach this Office not later than the 17th June.

HERBERT REED,

Chief Education Officer.

Education Offices,
15, John Street,
Sunderland,
30th May, 1921.

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M. Brailowsky represents the Lisztian type of pianist on a very high standard of excellence. He has virtuosity, he has keen artistic sensibility. He is one of those very rare players who can make the tone of the pianoforte increase in beauty as it increases in power. The principal item of his programme was Liszt's sonata, and it was in that that he showed himself at his best. He suffered the usual fate of players who are strangers to London, and it was the half-empty room that made his interpretation of Schumann's "Papillons" seem oddly miscalculated. Yet there could be no doubt that M. Brailowsky was playing them with consummate technical skill and a vivid sense of their emotional color. It certainly was not the pianist who was at fault, but the audience. For that style of playing there should have been a huge hall crowded with eager and enthusiastic listeners. It was a performance for publicity, and for publicity of a quite distinguished order. But a small audience—and an English one, too—in a small room, created against the player's will a certain sense of privacy. M. Jaques-Dalcroze, comparing pupils of various nationalities, says that English children are musical, but with a low emotional reaction. M. Brailowsky's playing was entirely free from the least trace of exaggeration or vulgarity. But it was tense and vivid, and by the accident of circumstance, it found an audience that could not be strung up to the same pitch.

Mr. Harold Samuel is a typically English player. His recitals of Bach's smaller clavier works filled the Wigmore Hall. Crabbed age smiled upon him, youth presented him with a wreath of laurel; yet when he played, each of us could feel himself alone with the player. Mr. Samuel, in his English way, creates the sense of privacy, and that is why he can play Bach for a week on end, and leave his audience asking for more. His most wonderful achievement was to play the Goldberg Variations on the pianoforte. Composed for a harpsichord with two keyboards, they demand constant crossing of the hands—not the flying leaps of Domenico Scarlatti, but an intricate entanglement of fingers that are perpetually stealing each other's notes. To make such music clear on a single row of keys implies a dexterity and ingenuity which no Continental pianist would dream of wasting on such ineffective material. It is only the eccentric Englishman who would put himself to so much unrewarded labor. The disciple of Liszt either transcribes such things and brings them up to date, or passes them by. The English player sees no reason why he should do what everybody else does. These minor supermen are all rather alike in the end: he will go his own way. He concentrates on what pleases himself, regardless of his public. And somehow, while doing what he happens to like in a perfectly unobtrusive way, he achieves a genuinely artistic expression of individuality.

EDWARD J. DENT.

The Drama.

A DUNSANY FANTASY.

THERE is an agreeable flavor as of the Bab Ballads in the exordium to Lord Dunsany's new play, "If," at the Ambassadors. The little city man and his wife, embowered in their suburban villa, the lank and aged Turk, in greasy frock-coat and fez, who comes to tempt them, might almost have stepped off the illustrations to the undying little volume. Decidedly Gilbertian, too, is the Turk's offer. Who is there that would not wish, on a review of the last ten years of his life, for things to have turned out otherwise than they did, at least at one juncture? Ali has the talisman that makes this possible. The ten years can be lived again in the space of an even-

ing; the mistake of destiny can be corrected. By midnight the holder of the talisman will find himself where and what he would have been, if —.

The idea is pleasant, but it does not at first greatly tickle John Beal. He is reconciled to his lot, even down to the drawing-room suite and the large portrait of Aunt Martha in the crimson plush frame. Yet stop! There is something, after all, that "rankles," though it is nothing more important than a missed train. If he had dodged that surly porter who "pushed his face," and jumped in in spite of him, it would have been a satisfaction, and, as he explains to an anxious wife, a trifle like that could hardly affect the main issues of his life if he went back and set it right. John, you see, is no philosopher. He does not realize that, once you begin snipping, however timidly, at the web of causality, you never can tell what reels you may not unravel. When Mr. Fotheringay, in the Wells story, started on his unambitious career as a miracle-worker, it took him less than a fortnight to bring the Universe toppling about his ears. So when Mr. Beal wished he had caught that train, he had no suspicion that if he had caught it he would have got into conversation in the railway carriage with a young lady of imperious charm, who would have confided to him her difficulties about a mysterious Persian property bequeathed to her, an affair of a mountain pass and a fortune in tolls, and fierce brigand sheikhs who would not pay. He would not have agreed to lunch with her and see if he could help.

Somehow we feel that after this amusing opening Lord Dunsany is hampered by the fertility of his own ideas. For when we get to Persia (as we do at once), we are offered a new set of considerations. We are now invited to perceive that John Beal, for all his deprecating, almost Kippsonian, ways, has the stuff of a Warren Hastings in him once he gets into the wilds, and that Miss Miralda Clement veils with a Brixton accent the ambitions of a Queen Elizabeth and the passions of a Zobeide. That is shrewdly observed, but just when the possibilities of it seem invigorating we are side-tracked to watch a conflict between Beal as the imperial English administrator, and Daoud, his servant and councillor, who represents the subject peoples. They wish to go on worshipping their idols, although those idols drink blood, because (they argue) life is unbearably dull without romantic and picturesque traditions and Daoud pleads the cause of the ancient gods in a speech of real pathos and beauty. Beal insists that they will be much happier from any sensible point of view without such excitements, and treads out the rosy embers of sentiment with heavy brown riding-boots. Just as you are beginning to enjoy this political satire you are whisked off to the world of Chu-Chin-Chowery. Beal becomes a turgid Oriental tyrant, Miralda a tigress of the harem. There are eunuchs, musicians, plotting Khans, robber bands, and all the conventionalities of the *genre*, raised slightly above convention, however, by the author's genuine poetical fancy. You must now focus your attention on Daoud's Oriental allegories about the fate of potentates grown insolent with power, and you do this with some reluctance because both Beal and Miralda started out as characters too original and exciting to be made to point a stale moral. Too many vistas have been opened up and abruptly closed; you are wearied by the strain of continual readjustment to fresh points of view. After this, Beal's downfall, his return to the site of his happy home as a beggared wanderer, the smashing of Ali's treacherous talisman, and the awakening from the nightmare pass as the mechanical solution of the playwright's problem. Nevertheless, the attempt to cram some six plays into one is a fault that not every dramatist could commit. It shows that we may expect a good deal from Lord Dunsany in the future.

Mr. Ainley's intonations in the more romantic passages of the part of John Beal were reminiscent of his gifts as a Shakespearian actor, and set the listener wondering whether he is not rather thrown away on light

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comedy parts, even when they are as cleverly written as this one. His drollery in the suburban scenes was certainly delightful, so that it is, perhaps, churlish to grumble. Miss Gladys Cooper, embodying the physical glories of Miralda to perfection, gave a hard and brilliant performance. It failed somehow to persuade us that there was a real woman anywhere inside the stately figure we were admiring. Mr. George Hayes, as Ali, and other ex-members of the Everyman Company in smaller parts, showed that the "drawing-room" conditions under which they have lately been playing have not at all affected their power to get home in a larger auditorium.

D. L. M.

Exhibitions of the Week.

R. W. S. Galleries: The New English Art Club.

THE New English Art Club steers a middle course among the conflicting passions and dogmas of the day. The main figures hold fast to a certain level of technical efficiency as a guiding principle, and the Club's exhibitions as a result rarely fail to maintain a standard which is higher than that of any other long-established English society.

In the present exhibition it is quite evident that the majority of the painters have made real efforts to achieve complete and satisfactory pictures. It would, indeed, be true to say that the whole exhibition is dignified and conscientious, were it not that Sir William Orpen's *tableau vivant* of a posturing poet with profuse black hair and beard declaiming his verses to an attractive blonde, who lies upon an adjacent divan, is so superficial technically and so trivial from the point of view of imaginative comprehension, that it cheapens and vulgarizes the general effect of the whole gallery.

But if sketchiness, fake, and triviality are little in evidence in this exhibition, it suffers, in the weaker works, from the besetting sin of coldness. English artists of all schools, compared, for instance, with the French, tend to lack fire, assured precision, and gaiety. Our painters seem habitually obsessed by a certain timidity and an absence of æsthetic conviction, and many artists who exhibit at the New English Art Club give us elaborate and persevering work which fails to move us because it is devoid of warmth and "snap." This is partly the reason, for example, why Miss Coke's "Women looking for Christ" and Miss Leighton's "The White Goats" must be accounted failures, and why Mr. Lowinsky's "The Annunciation," technically a very promising and commendable work (almost killed by the fidgety nature of the frame), falls short of the ambitious mark aimed at by the artist. It is also partly the reason why Mr. Stanley Spencer's "The Last Supper" does not quite succeed; the monochrome character of the color, the reiteration of a single rhythm, and the uniformity of the tone quality give this picture an artificial appearance which we long to see vivified by some passionate accent expressive of the genuine feeling behind it, of which at present we are vaguely conscious but not entirely convinced.

In contradistinction to these artists, who all belong to the new generation, the leaders among the older artists betray a warm energy, resulting from confidence of power and from experience in pictorial expression. The design of Mr. John's "Cartoon for a Decoration" is not very original, but it is quite satisfactory on approved lines, and the composition is full of admirably realized details. It is well that Mr. John should send such works from time to time to the New English Art Club to remind the new members that he is still a master by virtue not only of his technical powers, but also of the fact that he is continuously enlarging the field of his interests and observations. Mr. Steer's "Portrait" has likewise a message to the newcomers. It is not as good as Frans Hals's "La Bohémienne," but it is big enough to challenge comparison. It would be instructive to see it in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy. We suspect that it would

be hard to find a work which could stand up against it. It would be equally instructive to set it among a number of portraits by Matisse and to attempt to discover by what qualities, if any, the French master might claim superiority.

The vitality of these mature masters is, fortunately, not entirely absent from all the works shown by the younger men. Mr. Guevara's three portraits (all apparently painted some years ago) have a certain suppressed intensity revealing intellectual and emotional energy. They were preludes, we imagine, to the portraits with accessories to which Mr. Guevara has been devoting his attention recently. In these earlier works the artist has restricted himself to the problem involved in the presentation of the actual figure; the further problem—the relation of the figure to the rest of the picture—is left, temporarily, aside. In the later pictures he has attacked the larger problem of the portrait-picture, which includes, of course, the solution of the smaller problem of the figure. There are qualities in these earlier works which we do not always find in Mr. Guevara's interiors, but it would be ungracious and undiscerning to deny applause to a young artist who has the intelligence to refuse to repeat his successes and the tenacity to regard each problem solved as a stepping-stone towards the solution of the harder problems which lie beyond. Mr. Neville Lewis is another new member whose works are warm and vigorous. "Hampshire Gypsies" is the most direct, complete, and unaffected work which we have yet seen from his brush. It is, indeed, so good that we are tempted once again to make severe comparisons, and set it mentally between some group by Le Nain and one of those early *plein air* sketches by Mr. John where tone values were registered in such marvellous shorthand. It would be very hard on Mr. Neville Lewis at first, but if he carries the guns that this picture suggests it might mean the revelation to him of new and glorious seas for conquest.

Space forbids detailed consideration of a number of exhibits which contribute to the high level of the collection. But mention must be made of the characteristic landscapes by Mr. Mark Fisher and Sir C. J. Holmes, and the drawings by Mr. Paul Nash and his brother.

R. H. W.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- Sat. 11. Royal Institution, 3.—"Scott and Shakespeare," Dr. R. S. Rait.
- Mon. 13. King's College, 5.15.—"The Development and Present Position of the Theory of Relativity," Prof. Einstein. (In German.)
- Tues. 14. Asiatic Society, 4.30.—"Sources of the History of Georgian Ecclesiastical Literature," Dr. R. P. Blake.
- Sociological Society (Royal Society's Rooms, Burlington House), 8.15.—"The Non-Co-operation Movement in India," Hon. Mr. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri.
- Wed. 15. School of Oriental Studies (Finsbury Circus), noon.—"Uganda," Miss A. Werner.
- University College, 3.—"The Paradise," Lecture IV., Prof. E. G. Gardner.
- Meteorological Society, 5.
- Thurs. 16. Royal Society, 4.30.—"On the Velocity of Sound in Gases at High Temperatures, and the Ratio of the Specific Heats," Messrs. H. B. Dixon, Colin Campbell, and A. Parker; and five other Papers.
- University College, 5.—"Customary Slavery," Lecture I., Prof. J. E. G. de Montmorency.
- Numismatic Society, 8.—Annual Meeting; Sir Charles Oman's Presidential Address.
- Chemical Society (Institution of Mechanical Engineers, Storey's Gate), 8.—Prof. B. Moore will deliver the Hugo Müller Lecture.
- Society of Antiquaries, 8.30.
- Institut Français (3, Cromwell Gardens, S.W. 7), 9.15.—"La Femme Française dans mon Théâtre," M. Eugène Brieux.
- Fri. 17. King's College, 5.30.—"Modern Czechoslovak Literature," Lecture II., Dr. F. Chudoba.
- University College, 5.30.—"Oceanography, with Special Reference to the British Seas," Lecture I., Prof. H. N. Dickson.
- Royal Institution, 9.—"Chemical Combination and Structure of the Molecule," Sir J. J. Thomson.

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- Andreadou (Andreou Mich.).** Historia tēs Hellēnikēs dēmosias oikonomias apo tōn hērōikōn chrōnōn mechri tēs sustaseōs tou Hellenikou basileiōu (Systema dēmosias oikonomikes, Vol. I. Part 2). 10x6. 624 pp. Athens. Raphtanē, 22 drach.
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- Brookway (A. Fenner).** Non-Co-operation in other Lands. 7x4. 96 pp. Madras. Tagore & Co.
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THE CITY EQUITABLE FIRE INSURANCE CO., LTD.

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THE 12th Annual General Meeting of the City Equitable Fire Insurance Company, Ltd., was held on the 2nd inst. at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Mr. Gerard Lee Bevan, the Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. F. J. Witts) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: Gentlemen,—I suppose you will take the Report and Accounts as read.—(Agreed.)

During the year under review, I am sorry to say, we have lost one of our most valuable colleagues, Mr. C. T. Barclay, who died only a few weeks ago. Bearing a name held in universal esteem, his singular charm and simplicity of manner, wedded to his high integrity, endeared him to everyone with whom he came in contact. Enemies he had none; of friends a multitude. We shall all miss his wise counsel and experience, while for myself I am deprived of a friendship dating back to earliest boyhood, which had only grown stronger with the passing years.

As I am on the subject of the Company's personnel, I should like to take this opportunity of bearing testimony once more to the efficiency of our management, and, on behalf both of the Directors and yourselves, to thank Mr. Mansell and all the members of his staff for their unwearying efforts in promoting the success of the Company.

Now to come to our accounts. I will begin with the Marine section of the business. Our premium income shows little change. The year has been marked by three distinguishing features. The first is the unusual number of total losses. The great majority of these occurred in the latter part of the year. During the war, mine-laying played an important rôle in the operations of the Navy, but no less remarkable than the science with which those mines were dotted about the world's trade routes, was the skill and rapidity with which the sea was cleared of them after the declaration of the Armistice. They seemed indeed to have completely disappeared. Then a strange thing happened. Vessel after vessel sailing, I am happy to say, under a foreign flag, set out gallily in quest of adventure, and such was their genius for discovery that within a few days, or even hours, of weighing anchor they lit upon one of these long-lost mines. The epidemic now seems to be on the wane, and I hope we shall not hear much more of them.

The second feature to which attention has frequently been called is the extraordinary increase of pilferage. In some places it would hardly be too much to say that a regular toll has been taken of all goods leaving or entering port. When you come to think of it, this is not altogether unnatural. In the autumn of 1914 the reign of reason made way for a reign of violence, and possession became the right of the strongest. Habits thus acquired are not easily shaken off. One of the after-effects of the war has been to throw up to the surface the more turbulent and extremist elements of society, and it is only with time that these will sink back to their proper level again. But in the long run public opinion governs, and the dominant characteristic which we possess in common with the greatest of ancient empires—I mean the respect for law—will surely and gradually reassert itself.

Lastly, we have to note excessive competition. During the war period the intensive movement of a slowly vanishing mercantile marine, coupled with the stupendous rise in the value of hulls and cargoes, created an altogether exceptional demand for underwriting. The tide has now set in the opposite direction. Supply has outrun demand, and a great deal of business has been written at unprofitable rates. Could some check be put on this by closer co-operation? In Fire business a Committee composed of representatives of the leading Offices meets at regular intervals to discuss tariffs and other matters, and I ask myself whether a similar body might not be constituted for the handling of the Marine side of their business. It is a complex question, but it is worth consideration.

We now come to our Fire Account. This, of course, is the mainstay of our business, and I am sure you will agree with me that we have every reason to be proud of the way in which our premium income has grown. (Applause.) This year it has taken another big stride forward. For the first time it passes the £2,000,000 mark—the actual figure is £2,071,000—and this has been achieved, let me emphasize, without any departure from our usual practice, viz., to confine ourselves exclusively to treaties with Companies of the highest standing. From now on declining values may lessen the volume of some of our treaties, but as against this you have to bear in mind that it was only last year that we embarked on American business—that it cuts a very small figure in this year's accounts, but is bound to expand, and largely expand, in future years. It is the knowledge of this fact which has led us to take certain steps to safeguard and assist us in the extension of our operations. In recent years a number of new companies have been created to transact re-insurance business, in most cases with a comparatively small paid-up capital. Acting separately it will be very uphill work for them to obtain good business, but pulling together, and in

conjunction with a well-established concern like our own, there is no reason why they should not be able to build up a sound, well-spread, premium income. It is the old story of the faggots. A single twig is easily snapped, but several of them bound together may become a really powerful weapon. We have given long and earnest consideration as to how to carry out our ideas, and we finally came to the conclusion that the only method of doing so would be to form a holding Company.

We have therefore registered an independent Company under the title of the City Equitable Associated, Ltd., with an authorised capital of 1,000,000 8 per cent. Participating Preference Shares of £1 each, and 100,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, £1,100,000 in all. As regards the latter, the great majority of them will be retained by the City Equitable itself. The Preference Shares will be entitled in the first place to a fixed dividend of 8 per cent., which will be guaranteed by our own Company, the City Equitable. After payment of this dividend, the Ordinary Shares will rank next for an amount equal to the amount distributed in any one year to meet the fixed dividend on the Preference Shares, while any surplus that may eventually be distributed in excess of this figure will be divided in equal moieties between the Preference and Ordinary Shares. The Preference Shares are being offered to the shareholders in certain other Companies in lieu of their existing holdings, and I may say that the exchange is based upon the value of the free assets of the said Companies.

These assets, of course, are mainly invested in interest bearing securities, and the Companies which in this manner fall under theegis of the City Equitable will be conducted on lines identical with those which have hitherto guided us, viz., to put back to reserves the bulk of any underwriting profits which the Companies may make, and to distribute by way of dividend a sum, roughly speaking, equivalent to the interest received from invested funds. This interest, therefore, will be paid out in dividends by the operating Companies, and the holding Company will receive them and will utilise them in the first instance for the payment of the fixed dividend of 8 per cent. on the Participating Preference Shares. No surplus is likely to be available for the Ordinary Shares in the first two or three years of the holding Company's existence, but you will readily appreciate that the City Equitable possesses in them a very valuable reversion.

Turning to the balance-sheet, there are only two or three points that call for comment. As regards the "Reserve for Income and Corporation Profits Taxes and Excess Profits Duty," we have set aside fairly liberal amounts in previous years; we have therefore been advised that we need only add £25,000 to this fund for the past year. We have also provided £30,000 for "Depreciation of Funds." This amount is in addition to any losses actually realized on the sale of investments, which have been deducted from our dividend account.

On the assets side of the balance-sheet two new items appear under the heading of "Investments," viz., "U.S.A. Government, Municipal, and Railway Securities," and "Insurance Companies' Shares." I need say no more about the Insurance Companies' Shares, because they have been acquired in pursuance of the policy I have already outlined to you. As to our holdings in America, these almost, if not all of them, consist of short-dated Government and Municipal securities, and they represent the beginnings of a fund deposited as a reserve against our business on the other side of the water and destined to assume much larger proportions in future years.

As regard "Loans," they are mostly terminable at call. We like to utilise a certain portion of our funds in this way, but if the figure is exceptionally high this year, this is due solely to the expectation of having to make heavy remittances to America in the near future, and next year you will undoubtedly see a reduction under the headings of "Loans" and a corresponding increase in "American Investments."

Summing up the year's results, we transfer to Profit and Loss Account:—

From the Fire Account	£76,992
From the Marine Account	£130,079
From the Investment Account	£73,507

making, with last year's carry-forward of £6,118, a grand total of £286,754 to deal with.

After making the necessary deductions for taxation, and allowing for depreciation of funds and Directors' fees, the resultant balance is £228,353. We have increased our dividend by 6d. a share on the Preference Shares and 2s. a share on the Ordinary Shares, making 2s. 6d. on the Preference and 10s. per share on the Ordinary Shares for the year. These dividends absorb £52,500. We remain with a sum in hand of £175,833. Practically all of this your Directors have decided to employ in strengthening the Fire Reserve, so they have transferred £172,000 to this fund, leaving £3,833 to be carried forward.

Banking and insurance are the twin bastions of modern finance—the two main forts that guard that mysterious citadel called "credit." Of their permanence there can be no question, because they render services indispensable to any civilised community; and, inasmuch as we are privileged to belong to one of these groups, it is our duty, as it will be our fixed and constant endeavour, to play our part, relatively small though it may be, in a manner not unworthy of the traditions of this great City. (Applause.)

The Chairman then moved the adoption of the report and accounts, which was seconded by Sir Douglas Dawson, and carried unanimously.

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FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY LIFE.

THE annual meeting of the Friends' Provident and Century Life Office was held on the 8th inst. at the Holborn Restaurant, W.C. Mr. Alfred Holmes, the Chairman, who presided, said that after the remarkable advance in new business from a quarter of a million in 1917 to three-quarters of a million in 1918, and further, to 1½ millions in 1919, it was perhaps not surprising that there was a slight decrease in 1920, though the large total of £1,331,000 showed that the enormous increase in 1919 was not due to exceptional circumstances, but marked the entrance of the office upon a new era, and placed it in the ranks of the larger offices. A feature of the new business figures was the returning popularity of the with-profit assurance. One million pounds had been effected under with-profit tables, and only one-third of a million under without-profit tables. Having referred to the stringency of the methods of valuation adopted by the Friends' Provident, the Chairman went on to say that the outstanding feature of the past year's experience had been the favourable mortality experience. During 1920 the claims paid amounted to only 49 per cent. of the sum for which provision had been made in the reserve, according to the mortality tables from which the valuation of the liabilities of the office was based. Needless to say, a large profit had accrued from this life mortality experience. The matter of expenditure was one which had given the directors anxiety, and their experience in this respect, judging from a perusal of the reports of other companies, was a general one. It was to be hoped, however, that the highest point had now been reached, although no doubt this problem would be a real one for some time to come. The care of the invested funds had given the board anxiety during 1920. The board had foreseen the likelihood of severe depreciation at the time that the bonus declaration was made a year ago, and largely on that account there was carried forward an undivided surplus of £87,000. The members would no doubt be interested in having a short review of the progress which had been achieved since a policy of expansion was commenced about three years ago. Since 1917 the premium income had increased from £197,000 to £325,000 by steady accretions of over £40,000 per annum. During the previous ten years the premium income had increased by only £17,000. Disregarding depreciations, the funds had been augmented during the past three years by £407,000, or an average of, say, £135,000 per annum, while in the previous ten years the total advance was only £426,000, or an average of, say, £43,000 per annum.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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